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DETECTIVE STORIES

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

JULY 15, 1922 VOL. V No 113

FEATURE STORY

A CLUE BY RADIO

Capt. JACK STATIC

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE STORY

A CLUE BY RADIO. By Capt. Jack Static 3

SERIAL STORY

THE BLACK DIAMOND — PART III. By Jack J. Gottlieb 28

SHORT STORIES

THE EMPTY VAULT. By Bayard Yadon 22
POLICEMAN BURK'S ADVENTURE. By Howard Philip Rhoades 35
DOG IN THE MANGER. By Merritt L. Allen 42
BETTER JUDGMENT. By Earl C. McCain 48
THE TRUNK FROM UP-STATE. By Katherine Stagg 53

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER

SPIRIT OF CONAN DOYLE'S COLLIE 18
STORIES OF SHOPLIFTERS 19
RATTLESNAKE FEAST 21
SENSE OF DIRECTION IN ANIMALS 27
THUGS 33
SHUTTLE LOOM DOUBLES PRODUCTION 34
SENT HIM A MULE'S HEAD 39
CURING A SNAKE-BITE 40
GIRL, 17, "SEES" WITH NOSE, "HEARS" WITH FINGERS 41
SOME REMARKABLE FEATS 46
CHARMS OF DEATH VALLEY 47
MICHIGAN MAN'S BEARD NINE FEET LONG 52

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Coming In No. 114

IN our August 1st number we are going to give you some mighty good Summer reading. The feature story was written by that prince of story tellers Charles F. Oursler, and we are certain that you will enjoy his latest detective story "The District Attorney's Secret." Here you have a novelette that arouses your interest at the start, grips your attention and thrills you as it proceeds, and finally satisfies you with its ending. It is one of those genuinely fine stories that pleases its readers from start to finish.

Lady writers figure prominently among the short stories, no less than three having contributed to the next number. First we have the story of a female detective from Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith. The title is "The Burnt Offering" and it shows some ingenuity and skill in the enactment of a vivid drama. Next Katherine Stagg has written "The Yellow Mask," and Agnes Wright Spring is authoress of "Trailing a Comet." Both stories are exceptionally good. "The Trick of Logic Jones," by Jack J. Gottlieb, is an underworld story of that powerful and fascinating type that always gets your nerves on edge with interest. We will begin another short serial by a new writer, David T. Browne. It is called "The Twenty-Dollar Plates" and deals with the exploits of a secret service detective while running down a gang of counterfeiters.

In addition there will be other short stories, sketches, scientific articles and other matter of the best kind obtainable. No one can afford to miss No. 114. You had better order a copy ahead from your newsdealer if you wish to be sure of getting it. And we assure you it will amply repay you to read it.

THE EDITOR.

A Clue by Radio

by Capt. Jack Static

CHAPTER ONE

A RADIO TELEPHONE DANCE

THE public library at Cranston was the newest and handsomest structure in the pretty little village of suburban homes. On a summer night it was lighted and decked for a festival.

Motor cars were parking before its wide doors and men and women in gala dress were passing up the broad granite steps in groups. Everybody was laughing, chatting, calling greetings.

Under the fine old elms the festooned paper lanterns and the glow from the big cluster lamps on bronze pillars lighted the picture. All the village had turned out for this occasion. The richer residents, men whose business was in New York, not far distant, or men of money who maintained handsome country homes near by, rolled up in limousines and sports model cars that glistened with luxurious appointments. Others of less wealth came in comfortable family touring cars and flivvers, even on motorcycles. And some came on foot.

To-night all these people felt on an equality. This was one of those parties where the whole village mingled. It was a public occasion, like the Fourth of July, the county fair or election day.

A dress suit and a college haircut were not necessary to obtain permission to mingle with the rich folk of Cranston. All that was needed was a light heart, public spirit and a dollar.

Cranston turned out to a man, to a boy, to enjoy the latest novelty in the way of parties, a radio telephone dance.

The village was getting acquainted with the radio telephone, as every town and village in these days have them. There were receiving sets in many homes.

This was the first time Cranston had tried dancing to music sent through the blue ether by means of the radio wave.

The originator of this novel idea was a young woman who stood out radiant among a group of library trustees just within the doors to the central reading-room, where she greeted all comers.

Her name was Miriam Royce.

The eyes of all the men turned toward Miriam Royce by instinct. When they saw her the older ones sighed for their lost youth. The younger ones sighed for Miriam's favor.

A slender, brown-haired young woman with wide blue eyes, in her pretty dancing frock of

blue crêpe de chine, she looked scarcely nineteen, though she was at least five years older. At first glance she seemed no more than a débutante with not a thought in her head except for pleasure.

Those who knew Miriam Royce—and all the village knew her and all about her—could tell a different story. For all her prettiness and outward appearance of frivolity she was a very earnest and sincere woman who had given much in time and money to advance the community welfare of the village where she had always lived.

Miriam Royce's father had died five years before. His will left a large part of his substantial fortune as a gift to found the village library. Other public-spirited men had contributed toward the erection of the handsome building, and Miriam Royce, who had taken a special training course in library administration and traveled far to study various library methods, was elected to take charge of the institution.

The Cranston library was finished now, but it lacked funds to complete its collection of books. Miriam had planned the radio dance as a means of securing these funds.

The girl was the first in Cranston to purchase one of the new radio telephone receiving sets. She introduced her friends to the novelty of concerts sent out from public broadcasting radio stations many miles away.

Like every other community in America, Cranston no sooner listened to the radio telephone than the fever to own them spread like an epidemic. Aerials went up all over town. Schoolboys and girls and grandfathers and grandmothers mingled equally in the enthusiasm over hearing lectures, the daily news, the song recitals, band concerts and government reports which are sent out all day through the air and may be enjoyed by whosoever has the few dollars and the initiative necessary to set up a simple receiving apparatus.

To-night the new public library had erected an aerial, and the lead in wires were attached to the hook-up that included amplifiers and a loud-speaking horn which would make the music of a famous orchestra playing in New York City as plain there as if the musicians were in the same room.

Among the cars rolling up to the library chugged a small, rather dilapidated little roadster of a make known wherever men have smelled gasoline. It was driven by a good-looking, red-haired young chap in white flannel trousers. His name was Lee Hanford.

Lee Hanford was cashier of the Cranston National Bank.

He was also desperately in love with Miriam Royce.

Popular gossip said they were engaged to marry.

Lee Hanford's guest, sitting in the little roadster with him, was a man about whom the entire village was excited. He was a celebrity in much more important places than Cranston.

This man did not look like a personage.

He dressed plainly, in a rather wrinkled, comfortable suit of gray, wore an old-fashioned string tie made into a loose bow, wide comfortable shoes and a soft gray felt hat.

But his shrewd, wrinkled face and bushy gray hair were as widely known as the fore-and-aft checkered cap and famous pipe of Sherlock Holmes.

The man was Captain Ford Markman, the famous private detective.

Markman was visiting Miriam, the daughter of his old friend.

It was by chance that he accepted a lift in Lee Hanford's little flivver.

But his presence in Cranston and the chance of that encounter with Lee Hanford were to assume a paramount importance in the events that followed.

But for Ford Markman Cranston would never have known the answer to a mystery weird and startling and a murder that was terrible for its sheer cold-blooded, calculating ruthlessness.

CHAPTER TWO

STARTLING EVENTS

LEE HANFORD parked his little flivver in the shade some distance from the library, for by the time of his arrival the queue of waiting cars had spread out to a long line. The two men dismounted and walked toward the building.

"You'll see we're not such rubes in Cranston!" Hanford said laughingly as they turned toward the building. "We like to keep up with the newest things."

"A radio telephone dance is certainly new enough," Ford Markman agreed. "There haven't been so many of those even in New York as yet. It takes places like Cranston to set the pace."

"It takes girls like Miriam!" Hanford corrected eagerly. "Wherever there's a live-wire woman like her you can look for progress. Why, she's done more things for this town——"

"If you ask me, I'd say she's done more things *to* the young men in this town!" Markman chuckled with a shrewd glance at Hanford's flushed face. "She's a wonderful girl. I thoroughly agree with you. I hope that some young fellow like you is going to make her very happy."

Hanford murmured suddenly: "Excuse me a second, Captain!"

The younger man had stopped short. He seemed startled.

Ford Markman glanced about for the cause of his surprise. He saw a man standing near them in the shadows. His face was turned toward Hanford's, and his finger still raised as if to beckon Hanford.

Markman's experienced gaze took in the details of the man's appearance in a swift glance.

The fellow looked shabby, but more noticeably furtive in manner. He lurked in the shadows instead of beside the lighted steps where others of the village had gathered to watch the gayety.

Evidently he wished to avoid observation.

Also this man was not one of the Cranston people.

Markman recognized this by a pallor of his skin, by the cut of his clothing and his bearing. He had much more the appearance of a citizen of the underworld of New York or Chicago or San Francisco. His type is hard to mistake.

Hanford hesitated uncertainly beside Markman. Then he said:

"I forgot to take the switch key out of my car. Suppose you go on in. I'll be right along!"

"Certainly," Markman agreed readily. He turned toward the library as he said it.

But Markman did not go into the building. Instead he slipped into the shadows also and waited.

Instinct, founded on the experience of many years, told him that Hanford was not going back to the car. He had seen Hanford drop the switch key in his pocket when they left the car. The young man meant instead to have a few words in private with this shabby alien who lurked by the library.

Hanford's business with the stranger was not exactly Ford Markman's business. Yet, in a way, it was.

Ford Markman was extraordinarily fond of Miriam Royce, both for her dead father's sake and because of the young woman's personal charm. And he knew that Hanford was most favored among her suitors.

His anxiety about Miriam's happiness made him curious about anything concerning the young man who very probably would become her husband.

So the detective effaced himself in the shadows and waited.

As he had supposed, Hanford did not go back to the car. He walked away a few paces, then turned back. The shabby stranger joined him.

The two men talked for a few minutes. Markman saw Hanford shake his head several times. He seemed to be arguing or expostulating with the other man. Finally some agreement was reached, and Hanford turned toward the library hurriedly.

Ford Markman went into the building ahead of Hanford and was standing talking to Miriam Royce when the young man came in.

The desks and fittings had not yet been installed in the new library. The main reading-room was unobstructed. It made a splendid ballroom with its polished hard-wood floor and handsome glass chandeliers glowing hospitality.

Most of the younger couples were already gathered around the sides of the dance floor waiting for the music to begin. A balcony at one side of the room was filling with the chaperones and the men who grumbled that they were too old to learn the toddle and the scandal walk.

For this ultra-modern dance there was no musicians concealed in an arbor of palms. Instead, just below the balcony balustrade, a wide-mouthed horn projected. Beneath, in a cabinet against the wall, were the vacuum tube detectors, the tuning coils, ticklers and condensers of the radio telephone apparatus.

Miriam was exclaiming delightedly to her circle of cavaliers:

"I know this is going to be a wonderful success! I feel it in my bones. Just think, we've sold enough tickets to bring the book funds way above the mark we set."

Everybody agreed that Miriam had done a fine thing. There was a clamor for the honor of the first dance with her.

"That was promised long ago," Miriam laughed. "Lee Hanford beat you all to it."

Ford Markman noted that Hanford fidgeted uneasily. He said, coloring:

"I—Miriam, I owe you a thousand apologies, but the fact is I must run down to the telegraph office for a few minutes. Something came up about the bank business; it's imperative that I send a wire at once. If you will excuse me—and please, please, save me a dance or two to show you don't think I'm a terrible cad."

Miriam smiled forgiveness and consent at once.

"It's nothing serious, Lee?" she questioned in an anxious aside.

"No, no! I—— It's just business. I'll be back in half an hour at the longest."

Lee Hanford turned away then, and Markman saw him leave the library.

The detective, like Miriam, sometimes "felt things in his bones." At this particular moment he felt that Lee Hanford had gone to rejoin the shabby stranger.

"I know what I'll do!" Miriam was saying. "Since Lee can't keep that engagement, Captain Markman shall have the honor of the first dance with me. There, sir; I hope you feel duly flattered!"

"Old age is the only thing that keeps me from holding you to your word," Markman laughed, bowing deeply. "But for my rheumatism——"

"You old fraud!" Miriam cried. "You never had a twinge of rheumatism in your life!"

"I have one to-night, my dear. I—I think it must be the damp night air."

"Then I'll sit out the dance with you! And now I've got to make my little speech. Wait here!"

The girl walked confidently to the middle of the large floor and clapped her hands to bring her audience to attention. The buzz of talk died away. Miriam bowed.

"I hope you are all going to find this the bulliest party you ever went to," the girl said. "We are ready to begin. I will switch in the radio phone and everybody can dance to his heart's content. And just think of it! This music comes through the air from fifty miles away by wireless. It has only one drawback. There's no use applauding. The musicians cannot hear you. And it's no use asking for encores either. But I think there are going to be enough dances on this program for the giddiest flapper here, and the Cranston public library welcomes you and thanks you heartily for making its first party a big success!"

Handclapping greeted this speech. Miriam bowed again and crossed the room to the radio apparatus. She switched on the current from the receiving aerial, tuned her coils and waited.

The loud speaking tube depending from the balcony broke into music. A jolly fox trot played by a famous orchestra in the city fifty miles away inaugurated the fun. From every side couples moved onto the floor, swaying and stepping to the infectious rhythm.

Miriam, true to her promise to Ford Markman, hurried across the room to rejoin him and sit out the first dance.

But Ford Markman was gone!

Miriam looked for him to right and left. The detective had disappeared. It was very embarrassing.

The girl colored, tapped her foot impatiently, wondering which way to turn. She was quite sure that Markman would have just as good an excuse for failing this appointment as Lee Hanford had given. She was not angry; rather she was conscious of looking a little ridiculous.

"Miriam, I wonder if you could take pity on an old codger who still loves to dance?"

Miriam turned to face Alvin Gray, president of the Cranston National Bank and one of its

chief stockholders. Gray, as bank president, was Lee Hanford's employer and known to Miriam for many years.

"I'm surprised that Lee isn't taking my place at this minute," Gray remarked as they moved onto the dance floor.

"He was called away to send a telegram on bank business," Miriam explained.

"Bank business!" Gray lost step in his palpable astonishment. "That's very odd! I can't think of any bank business at this time of day. You're quite certain he said it was bank business?"

"Perfectly certain."

Gray's manner impressed the incident on Miriam's attention. During the next hour and a half, popular as she was, the young woman found herself wondering about Lee Hanford's behavior and the mysterious absence of Ford Markman.

Then, as unexpectedly as he had vanished, Markman appeared again, bowing low before her.

"Miriam, if I was a younger man I wouldn't have the courage even to look you in the face again. It was inexcusable to fail our appointment to sit out that dance. But an old man should have some privileges a younger one needn't expect, and a matter of pressing importance—business."

"Bank business?" Miriam demanded a trifle sarcastically.

"No! No, not exactly that. Not—exactly—that," Markman answered, and began to talk of something else.

Markman had returned, but Lee Hanford had not. Miriam was conscious that she watched for him with too obvious an interest. She tried to conceal her curiosity and eagerness for Hanford.

"It seems to me everything is getting awfully mysterious around this village to-night," she mused. "First Lee, then Professor Markman slipping away and inventing clumsy excuses that anybody can see aren't the truth. And Alvin Gray, too! I startled him when I mentioned bank business. If I was superstitious, I'd say that something awful was about——"

Miriam got no further.

At that moment, in a most uncanny way, her prediction, but half spoken, was fulfilled.

The dance music, coming by radio from the distant city, had reached an intermission. The loud speaking horn was silent. The dancing floor was empty, and conversation was general.

A voice boomed over the room.

At the first startling tones every eye turned toward the radio mouthpiece, from which evidently the voice came.

Slowly, distinctly this voice announced to the curious, hushed audience:

"The Cranston National Bank vault has just been entered. Every cent in cash and securities has been stolen."

There was a moment's pause, in which each person in the room found himself staring wildly, unable to credit his own hearing.

Then the voice said again, in tones more impassive: "The robbers have murdered the bank's watchman."

CHAPTER THREE

ROBBERY AND MURDER

ALVIN GRAY, president of the Cranston bank, was first of the startled audience to act.

Gray ran hastily from the library.

Ford Markman joined him as he went out of the door.

The people of Cranston stared at one another and at the baffling mechanical horn which up to a moment ago had produced nothing but pleasure.

As they stared the orchestra fifty miles distant began another fox trot.

The moaning saxophone, the twang of stringed instruments, the beat of the piano resumed just as if the instrument had not spoken the most astonishing news Cranston had heard in years.

Was it a hoax? A practical joke?

Somebody made that suggestion. Several adopted it, and voices were raised to amplify the jest.

Others hushed them.

Nobody in Cranston had the audacity or the bad taste to try a joke like that!

The men began hurrying from the room, running down the street to the bank, half a block away. Some of the women followed more timidly. Others stayed in the library, staring at the mysterious horn which had broken up the dance so abruptly with its announcement of tragedy.

In five minutes several men returned to the library. They brought startling confirmation of the news.

The Cranston bank had been looted of every cent in cash and securities.

The bank's night watchman, Tug Burke, known to everybody in the village, had been murdered.

Burke's body was found near the vault, where evidently he had sold his life in defense of his trust.

More sightseers straggled back to the library. There was a babel of talk, a multiplication of the details. And through all the noise the orchestra fifty miles distant played jazz and the wireless carried its melody to the room.

Miriam roused suddenly. "Oh!" she cried. "Stop that shocking music, somebody!" She went herself on the errand, pulled the switch that connected with the aerial and silenced the radio concert.

There would be no more dancing in Cranston that night.

The radio ball was over—ended prematurely.

Some of the guests went to their cars to be driven home. Others, a great many of them, went to the Cranston bank to stand in an anxious crowd outside the building, hoping for further news.

Miriam remained to see that the building was emptied and the janitor was present to take charge of it. Then she hesitated.

She yielded to the general curiosity and went toward the bank. As she neared the building she saw a small group approaching her. She recognized Alvin Gray, the bank president; Kentucky Rogan, the town's chief of police, and Ford Markman.

But who was the other man, the man walking between Rogan and Markman like a prisoner?

With a cry of alarm Miriam recognized him, too.

"Lee!" she exclaimed, running up to the group. "Lee Hanford! What—why——"

The men stopped as she rushed forward and awaited her. Their faces were very grave, troubled.

Lee Hanford said nothing. He bowed his head and turned his face from her, ashamed.

It was Rogan who spoke.

"Sorry, Miss Miriam, but Hanford is under arrest. I'm taking him to the jail. You must stand aside."

"Wait!" Miriam babbled hysterically. "Why, it can't be! Under arrest! Why? What charge?"

Markman took her arm gently.

"My dear," he said, "Lee is wanted on suspicion of robbing the Cranston bank. The vaults are empty—worse yet, Burke has been murdered—and you must not interfere with the law. Later——"

Miriam tottered. For a moment Markman held her with an arm about her shoulder. But the girl rallied courageously.

"Lee!" she exclaimed. "You're innocent. I know you're innocent. I don't believe one word of it!"

Hanford looked up at last.

His white face lighted with a sudden radiance.

"Miriam!" he cried hoarsely, "God bless you for that, sweetheart!"

CHAPTER FOUR

THE VOICE FROM NOWHERE

FORD MARKMAN took Miriam to her car and rode beside her as she was driven home. He came into her house with her.

"Sit down, my dear," the detective said kindly. "I'll have the maid bring strong coffee for you; yes, you must drink it! Your sweetheart is in danger, Miriam. And I need your wits to help out my own."

Markman's last words brought a sudden sparkle of determination to the girl's eyes. She stiffened in her chair.

"You know he's not guilty!"

"I hope he is not. In fact, I'm almost sure,"

Markman said. "And yet I must confess I was instrumental in bringing about his arrest."

"You!"

"Let me explain. Almost every able-bodied man, woman and child in Cranston was at that ball in the library. And yet somebody sent out a call by wireless telephone announcing that the bank had been robbed and Burke killed. At once I suggested to Mr. Gray and Rogan the necessity of accounting for all the village folks. Lee Hanford absented himself from the dancing."

"He went to telegraph. He went on bank business."

"No, my dear, he didn't. That was just an excuse."

"Oh!" Miriam whitened and pressed her hand to her lips. Her own suspicions of Lee's excuse, roused by Gray's remark, returned to her memory.

"In fact, Miriam, Lee left the dance to talk with a man who is a stranger to Cranston, and a bad-looking customer, I'm sorry to say."

"How can you know this?"

"I followed Lee. As we came to the library to-night this stranger was lurking near the steps. He spoke to Lee, talked privately with him for a minute and evidently made an appointment to meet him. My curiosity was roused because of your interest in Lee, Miriam."

"Yes, go on!"

"I followed Lee when he left the library a few minutes later."

"What business had you spying?"

"Forgive me, Miriam! Your interest again. I knew Lee loves you. I wanted to know what sort he is. He met this man again—a shabby, crooked, shifty-looking customer. They had a long talk down a side street. Finally they slipped away together, and, confound them! I lost their trail. Where they went I don't know. I came back to the library. But, Miriam, just about the time I lost them was the time the bank was robbed and Burke murdered. That fact is definitely established. It was my duty as a detective to tell these facts. If I told less than the truth it might go much worse for Lee. I believe he is innocent. The truth cannot hurt him."

Both were silent for a time. Miriam asked finally: "Have they found this other man, this stranger?"

"He has vanished."

"And you think he robbed the bank?"

"I don't say that! I don't know. But he is a suspicious person. And he was with the bank's cashier, a man who knew exactly every detail of the vaults and the habits of the night watchman."

"But the radio telephone! How could that announcement be made? Who made it? Not Lee! It was not his voice."

"Ah!" Markman cried, "there's the puzzle you and I must unravel!"

Markman began to explain then. "As you know, Miriam, that message, to be heard over the radio, had to be broadcasted—sent out in the air—just as the music was being sent from New York City. But very likely it came not from New York as the music did, but somewhere in or near Cranston, because the evidence shows it came directly after the vaults had been robbed."

"Then there was a sending apparatus somewhere in this town!" Miriam broke in.

"Exactly. A sending aerial, the necessary power and transmitting instruments, everything needed to put that call into the air on the 360-meter wave, the same wireless wave that the music is transmitted on."

"But there are not more than half a dozen sending sets in Cranston, the amateur sets! Mine is one. And each must have a government license. Anybody can listen to radio telephone broadcasts. Only licensed operators are allowed to send out——"

"True! And we'll check up the licensed stations, of course. But I scarcely think this was one of them. Miriam, when you listen at your radio, have you ever heard any near-by station you could not identify, either a telephone station or the telegraph?"

Miriam thought and shook her head.

"No, I never have."

"Where is your apparatus?"

Miriam led the way to an alcove at the front of the house and removed a screen that stood in front of a very complete little receiving and transmitting set.

"I'll just listen in," Markman murmured. "Suppose we both do? We can still talk this over."

They sat down before the panels, and each slipped on the wireless receivers that clamp over the ears. Markman began turning the tuning knobs, sliding the coils to various wave lengths experimentally.

Listening thus to the chatter of various distant telegraph keys working in code and the murmur of distant music and talk that waxed and waned as the wave lengths were changed, they still could address each other in ordinary tones and understand.

The blinds of the bow windows were up, exposing them to view from the street. Miriam rose to draw them.

"No, please," Markman advised; "if people want to see us, let them."

They sat in silence for a quarter of an hour or longer. The air was filled with the usual wireless telegraph code and the programs from several public broadcasting stations. Nothing that they heard had any bearing on the radio mystery of Cranston.

Suddenly both stiffened to alert attention. Markman's eyes opened wide with surprise. Miriam seemed about to faint.

Loudly, as clear as if the speaker stood right beside them, a voice spoke through the ether:

"Lee Hanford is the guilty man!"

CHAPTER FIVE

A CLUE BY RADIO

DETECTIVE MARKMAN sprang from his chair.

Instinctively he tore the telephone headgear from his ears.

Then, just as quickly, he replaced it again, fearful that he might miss some further message.

The voice that had come to them was so clear, so impressive and pronounced such an unusual message that even Markman with all his experience of ingenious crime could be pardoned for his excitement.

Miriam was white and shaking.

But she cried out in angry denial:

"That's not true! Lee Hanford is innocent. I don't believe a word——"

It was as if the girl could not repress the desire to answer that accusation, though she knew that her remark could be heard no farther than the room she was in.

Her heart prompted her to talk back to a voice which her reason knew might come from many miles away.

"Hush!" Markman interrupted. "We may hear more."

They did hear more.

As if the speaker guessed the consternation his words would cause and had waited sufficiently long to recapture their attention, the voice said again:

"Why did Lee Hanford leave the ball to-night to talk with a dangerous-looking stranger? Find the answer to that!"

Another pause, while the two listened at the radiophone with nerves taut.

Then a final message:

"Find the stranger. Look for a man released from the Delawanna state prison three weeks ago to-day. That's all now. Maybe other tips later. Good-night!"

Markman had been fingering the tuning coil dial as the voice went on. Now he hastily jotted down the wave length of the communication they had received. It was the wave used for all public amusement broadcasts, 360 meters.

Wherever any person in the village might be listening to a radio telephone that message would be heard.

It might be heard for a radius of a hundred miles or even more, that being dependent upon the potential of the sending wave and the sensivity of the receiving set.

Markman again unstrapped the receivers slowly.

He said a little shakily:

"Well! That's a new one on me. Clues by radio! Whew!"

"But it's a lie! I know it is."

"Perhaps. Quite likely, my dear, but a clue nevertheless. Let us suppose it is not the truth."

"Professor Markman! How can you even doubt Lee——"

"Pardon me, I don't. But I am arguing a hypothesis. It is not true then. But somebody is broadcasting these statements. Why? Well, it seems obvious if the statements are

false that the motive is to incriminate an innocent man, Lee Hanford."

"Professor, that's it exactly! Some enemy——"

"Or some person desirous of covering his own guilt," Markman suggested. "The question is, Who is this unknown speaker?"

Miriam gasped.

"How can we ever find out? Oh! oh!"

Markman answered with a serious look.

There was a nice problem.

With a radio receiver they could hear the voice.

Any person in Cranston or near by could hear the same words by listening at a radio telephone. The voice would sound to them as if it were at their ear. Where it came from they could not guess.

Markman remained in deep abstraction for five minutes more while Miriam waited impatiently.

The girl's wide blue eyes were fixed on the famous detective with a look that mingled hope and despair. They pleaded with him to help the man she loved.

"We must follow that advice," Markman decided. "We must——"

An electric bell began to shrill an alarm in the house. It was the land wire telephone bell.

"Answer it," Markman directed to Miriam.

The girl went to the little desk where the instrument stood, spoke into it and called to Markman:

"It is for you, Captain Markman. Mr. Rogan, the constable."

Markman listened to Rogan's message and made a few brief replies. He then explained to Miriam:

"Others in the village heard that voice. Mr. Gray had just returned home when the loud-speaking radio cabinet in his library made the announcement. Rogan says three others have called him up. Now the whole village will be wearing receivers or standing around its loud speakers, listening for clues. Good!"

Miriam started.

"How can you say *'good'!*"

"Because, my dear, I think that is just exactly what our unknown friend wants. And I want him to have his own way for the present. Now, Miriam, listen. You must help Lee Hanford."

"I'll do anything—anything at all. All I own is his if he needs it! Every cent. The house—my two cars."

"You can help him just now in another way. I want you to go to him to-night, now, at the jail."

"Very well!"

Miriam donned the hat and light cape she had just discarded. She waited further instructions, eager to obey.

"Get Lee to tell you in confidence the identity of that man he slipped away to meet. Get him to tell the whole story if you possibly can. His life may depend upon his telling everything, and he will be more likely to tell it to you than to anybody because he loves you."

Miriam nodded.

"You'll wait here?"

"I'll wait and listen to the radio, and do some tall thinking," Markman promised.

Miriam hurried into the night.

The detective heard her roadster tearing down the graveled drive.

He settled back in a chair, knitted his brows and gave his entire attention to one of the deepest problems in crime he had met in a lifetime of queer experiences.

CHAPTER SIX

LEE HANFORD'S SECRET

MIRIAM sent the roadster along the village streets with a recklessness entirely foreign to her normal manner of driving.

She felt that the safety and honor of the man she loved depended entirely upon her carrying out Ford Markman's orders to the letter.

At the village jail which also included the constable's office, she easily found Rogan, who was surrounded by a half dozen citizens of Cranston.

Everybody was trying to talk at once.

The telephone kept ringing.

Word of the clue by radio had spread like fire in a powder mill. All sorts of wild stories were circulated.

Miriam's request to talk with Lee Hanford in private was met with some hesitation. But Kentucky Rogan had known the girl since babyhood and, like everybody in the village, he would do a lot for her.

Followed by the curious stares of the little group, Miriam was conducted to a private room, and presently Lee Hanford was ushered in to her.

One of the town policemen stayed just outside the door.

When he saw who wished to talk to him Hanford looked startled. He went to Miriam, who rose and gave him both hands. The girl kissed Hanford and drew him to a chair close to hers.

"Bless your dear, brave heart," Hanford began gratefully.

"Lee, I know you're innocent. Nobody can make me believe anything else. But there are certain facts you must clear up. You must understand the peril you are in—I am in too—because your danger is my danger!"

Rapidly Miriam told her sweetheart of the radio clues that were exciting Cranston. Plainly Hanford was as astounded as she was.

When she repeated the news that the unknown stranger had been released recently from Delawanna prison, Lee Hanford sprang from his chair.

He was on the point of exclaiming something. But he kept silent. By a painful effort he closed his lips in a firm line.

"Miriam," he said finally, "it is true I talked to a man who came to Cranston to see me. I recognized him as he waited for me by the library. Later I slipped away from the dance to meet this man. But what passed between us I cannot, I will not, tell."

"Lee! Lee, you must! Listen, dear, you must tell."

Hanford shook his head.

"It is not my secret alone. I refuse to tell it. I can only say that this man is as innocent of that robbery and that terrible murder as I am. Who he is, what he is, that I am not at liberty to say."

"But, Lee! Don't you see this may convict you of a terrible charge? You are the bank's cashier. You alone of all persons liable to suspicion knew the details of the vaults and the habits and routine of the watchman. And you met a stranger secretly, a man described as a suspicious person—a man whom everybody now believes is an ex-convict. You must tell why you met this man and bring that man here to bear out your story. Otherwise——"

"Miriam, if I tell you on my honor that this man is not guilty, that my business with him was entirely apart from any affair of the Cranston bank, that to bring him to light is to betray a sacred trust, won't you believe that?"

Miriam said proudly:

"I don't need your word to believe that! I know you are innocent. But the others—this entire village—any jury——"

Lee Hanford groaned like a man in torment.

"I can't help it! I cannot tell this man's name or business!"

Miriam's tears and arguments failed to move him from that decision.

The girl saw finally that Hanford meant to keep the secret. Whatever it was it involved some promise he held sacred.

"Whatever happens, I shall always believe in you, Lee," she exclaimed sorrowfully. "Goodnight, dear. Have hope and faith!"

She drove to her home slowly.

Miriam found Ford Markman busy at a desk.

"I've been sending some telegrams," the detective explained when he had heard her report. "There are a lot of things to be checked up, and I am also borrowing the services of a young friend of mine, Tom Haley, of the metropolitan detective force. Haley, my dear, was a patrolman a year ago, and a brighter, smarter lad never put on a uniform. He helped me out many a time. Then, when radio began to come into use, several large cities equipped the police with telephones which they hear while walking their beats. Tom Haley saw his chance, studied wireless, and is now an expert on the subject and almost invaluable to the Manhattan force——" Markman checked himself. He saw that Miriam was tired out. "You must go to bed," he added.

"Bed! Do you think I can sleep to-night?"

"I am sure you can, because you must rest. You need your strength to save Lee Hanford. For his sake you will even forget all these worries for a few hours of sleep!"

Miriam promised.

But she had difficulty keeping that promise.

Try as she would Lee Hanford's peril disturbed her thoughts.

She could see no hope.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE DARK HOUR

NEXT morning the Cranston bank did not open its doors to the public.

Alvin Gray, its president, issued a notice to depositors in which he declared the institution would resume business in a few days, as quickly as its losses could be checked and adjusted by insurance companies and the use of credit among other banks.

Gray also posted a reward of five thousand dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the robber and murderer.

Cranston next saw an inundation of newspaper men from the metropolitan papers. When the reporters heard that Ford Markman had taken charge of the investigations their eyes glistened.

If anything could have been lacking to make this a great news story Ford Markman's presence on the case made up for it.

The detective knew most of the newspaper writers personally. He was accessible to them at any hour. They flocked about him at once, and Markman proved quite willing to talk for publication.

Miriam was present when he was interviewed, as was Alvin Gray.

Markman declared emphatically that he believed the mysterious unknown who had given the village a clue by radio telephone would prove the friend of justice.

"I have every faith in that man," Markman said. "Whoever he is, whatever his motive, he has furnished me with information I consider of the highest value. I'm going to follow his advice."

"Do you think Lee Hanford guilty?" Markman was asked.

The detective answered promptly: "I think the circumstances make things look very black for Lee Hanford."

Miriam was on her feet instantly.

"The very idea!" she protested, her eyes sparkling with rage. "Lee Hanford is innocent. Anybody who knows him well will say that. How dare you——"

"I repeat," Markman said firmly, "the circumstances make it look very bad indeed for Hanford. If he is not guilty I shall be as glad to know it as anybody."

Alvin Gray chimed in, shaking his head:

"I hope I am the last man to cast suspicion on the innocent, but Hanford has done things which he refuses to explain, things which certainly lay him open to grave doubts."

Miriam walked swiftly toward the door of Rogan's office, where the interview was taking place.

"I refuse to listen to such wicked nonsense," she declared angrily.

Markman shrugged his shoulders.

"We cannot blame Miss Royce," he said more gently. "She was engaged to marry the young cashier. But I stick to my own opinions. And another thing, gentlemen, I have the name and description of the accomplice Hanford talked with. I have the police looking for him at various points. When we capture that man we shall know a great deal more about this case."

"Captain Markman, are you still listening for new clues by radio?" a reporter suggested.

"I most certainly am," Markman declared. "I have an operative who hasn't taken the telephone headpiece from his ears since he got to Cranston."

Later Markman sought out Miriam.

"You must not be angry with me for what I said about Lee," the detective explained gently. "I am trying to serve the cause of truth and justice, regardless of all private consideration. You already know my personal belief about him."

Miriam answered, still angry:

"Your personal belief! And you mean to say you haven't the courage of your own convictions! You tell me privately you believe him innocent, and publicly brand him as a thief and—a murderer!"

Markman answered:

"Sometimes we must do things which are very unpleasant——"

He got no farther.

An exclamation from Tom Haley, sitting in

the alcove by the radio apparatus, interrupted.

Haley's upraised hand silenced them.

Markman and Miriam both sprang to the alcove, donning their headpieces hastily.

They were in time to hear the unknown's voice again.

"Detective Ford Markman is on the right track," the voice announced in measured accents. "Chief of Police Rogan will do well to guard his prisoner carefully. He has the right man. Markman will find out more presently."

"The liar! Oh, the cowardly liar!" Miriam cried.

But the two men were not heeding her indignation.

Tom Haley had set up a new piece of radio apparatus in Miriam's home.

It consisted of a square frame of light wood which had been mounted on an upright axle so that it rotated freely around it.

Ten strands of copper wire had been wound about this frame and made the usual connections to the receiving set.

The apparatus is what wireless operators call a "loop aerial."

Haley revolved this aerial slowly as the Unknown sent his message. He noted results, fixed the loop finally in one particular direction and took a compass from his pocket.

He compared the compass bearing with the direction of the loop, made a note and nodded his satisfaction.

"What are you doing?" Miriam asked finally, struck by this new development.

"Finding our unknown friend," Markman answered. "Pardon me now, I must use your sending set!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE LOOP DETECTOR

FORD MARKMAN hastily switched in the power on the amateur telephone sending set, a part of Miriam's equipment.

The girl was one of the few in Granston licensed to send radio messages.

Any citizen is allowed by the government to listen to radio telephone talk and music on the short wave lengths. No experience is necessary, and the number of receiving sets operating in no way interferes with the passage of the radio wave or detracts from its range or strength.

But to send a message into the air a government license is necessary. To obtain a license the applicant must satisfy the federal examiners that he understands the principles of wireless and the laws which have been adopted to prevent all manner of people from sending out what would interfere with the transmission of weather reports, crop bulletins, army and navy orders, lighthouse and ship service and the public broadcasting which amuses millions daily.

Miriam was one of the few young women who cared enough for this wonderful new art to undergo the strict examination.

Ford Markman spoke slowly and very distinctly into the telephone transmitter, tuning the wave length of his message to correspond with the wave on which the Unknown had just sent his new announcement.

"This is Ford Markman," the detective said, and repeated several times. "This is Ford Markman. I am speaking to you, unknown friend. Are you listening? Are you listening, Unknown? This is Ford Markman speaking to you?"

Perhaps five minutes of silence.

The hidden voice said suddenly:

"I am listening, Markman."

Markman then said slowly:

"I am working on the clue you gave me, Unknown. I am following your tip. You have done a great public service. I respect your privacy. You will not be disturbed."

"You can't disturb me, Markman!" The Unknown made this answer with an air of triumph. "Do you hear, Markman? I'm not worrying about being disturbed. But I want to help you. I want to serve the law. I prefer to remain unknown, and I choose this means of helping you."

"I understand, Unknown."

Tom Haley had been watching the compass and the loop aerial. He made several corrections in his first calculations. Now he rose and slipped away from the radio, leaving the room.

"Here is another tip, Markman," the mysterious voice said again. "The man Lee Hanford talked to left Cranston last night directly after the murder of Burke. He went to Hoboken and registered at a small waterfront hotel called the Smith Arms. He is passing under the name of Coogan. Do you get it? C-o-o-g-a-n. Coogan."

"Yes, I get the name."

"He may be in Hoboken yet. Better try it."

"I'll go there at once!" Markman said hurriedly. "At once."

He turned to Miriam and said loudly enough to be heard over the phone: "Please have your car brought around, Miss Royce." Then again into the telephone: "Hello! Hello! I thank you for the information. Will you call again?"

"I will call again at four o'clock."

Markman turned from the radio telephone.

Miriam already had left the room to carry out his order. Her big touring car was rolling to the door even then.

Markman went directly to Tom Haley, who was talking in low tones over the Bell telephone, using an instrument in a small booth at the rear of the house.

Haley turned from the phone to nod excitedly to the detective.

"Make a note of this!" Haley directed. "Get it as I repeat it: Now, go ahead, Phil! Let's check that bearing again! East, southeast by three points south. Right? Got it, Professor?"

"Got it!" Markman exclaimed.

Tom Haley hung up the telephone.

Miriam came to them hurriedly.

"The car is ready, Captain Markman!"

"Just a moment!" Markman said. "Got the detail map, Tom?"

Haley unfolded a map of Cranston and vicinity. The two men spread it out on a table and began to mark upon it, consulting the hasty notes they had jotted down.

Haley produced a pocket case containing a divider, calipers and a slide rule.

Several times they checked over their calculations and finally appeared to be satisfied.

"Shouldn't we hurry if we are to catch that man in Hoboken?" Miriam urged.

"Coming!" Markman exclaimed.

Miriam followed them to the car.

"You'll take me?" she asked.

Haley began to shake his head. Markman hesitated.

"Yes," he said finally, "let her go, Tom. I don't think there is going to be any danger. He said he'd call at four o'clock? How much time have we?"

"Three-quarters of an hour."

"Plenty! Miriam, you drive. Drive toward Hoboken, and drive out of Cranston as if the very devil was chasing you on a motorcycle. Step on the gas!"

CHAPTER NINE

MARKMAN SCORES

MIRIAM ROYCE stepped on the gas as bidden.

Her powerful car went through village streets with siren screaming.

The unusual racket attracted unusual attention naturally.

People ran to their doors or windows; passers on the street stood staring after them.

Markman was easily recognized.

Word spread about the village that something important in connection with the bank murder was about to happen.

There were also enough radio fans who had heard the latest message from the Unknown to spread a report of exactly what would happen.

"Markman will get the stranger, Hanford's accomplice," they said. "He's on his way to Hoboken now, and going like a Kansas cyclone!"

The car was perhaps fifteen miles outside the village when Markman laid his hand on Miriam's arm. "Slow up," he said.

The girl looked astonished, but obeyed orders. The car retarded down to twenty miles, fifteen miles, ten.

Markman surveyed the road in both directions. They were alone for the moment.

"Miriam, if I remember right the old Sawmill road cuts in just beyond that oak?"

"Yes."

"Turn into that, please. Drive along it at about twenty miles an hour."

"But, Captain Markman! That road leads us straight back to Cranston. We can't——"

Markman smiled and nodded.

"I know, my dear. I understand. Just be a good soldier and obey orders."

Miriam looked deeply puzzled, but she did as she was told. The car idled along the pleasant old road, returning slowly in the direction of Cranston. Several times Markman asked the girl to slow down still more. They dawdled along through sunlight and shadow. The old road was heavily wooded. It was seldom used any more, and only by occasional horse-drawn vehicles of the farmers and wood gatherers. There was little likelihood that the party would be seen on this road. They approached to within a quarter of a mile of the village without meeting a soul.

"Stop!" Markman commanded. "Just leave the car by the road. Nobody is likely to bother it."

They climbed out.

Miriam Royce could not make head or tail of events. She saw by the look on Markman's face that there was little use in asking questions now.

"This way," Markman directed, leading into a path that wound through thickets.

"Miss Royce, too?" Haley began in question.

"Certainly! I want her to be there!"

Nothing more was said.

The path led to a little bridge crossing an old mill stream and then across some wooded fields. As a girl Miriam had played in these fields. She was not surprised therefore when the path led them to fenced-in property, the rear of fairly large private grounds.

But she was very much surprised a moment later.

Ford Markman examined the wire fence, found a spot where it sagged and, lying flat on his face, wriggled under it. Tom Haley followed.

Markman was chuckling.

"Haven't done that since I was a boy. Getting too fat and short of breath for this sort of thing. Hold the wires apart for the lady, Tom."

Miriam followed them through the fence.

She was dying to ask questions, but she refrained.

She knew that they were in the lower end of Alvin Gray's estate. It was a strange way to call on the president of the Cranston National Bank.

Markman led the way cheerily straight across the grounds and to a rear door.

An astonished servant met them.

"Mr. Gray is expecting us," Markman said. "We can find our way to his study by ourselves, thank you. Don't bother to announce us. We are on important private business."

The housemaid gaped.

Then she recognized Miriam Royce, who nodded a reassurance to her. She stood aside to let them enter Alvin Gray's home. Markman glanced at his watch as they entered.

It lacked one minute of four o'clock.

Very quietly the three passed through a rear hall, up some stairs and toward Gray's library.

At the door Markman paused and listened. Miriam and Haley followed his example. Presently the detective tried the door and found it locked. He beckoned Haley, who fitted a skeleton key and opened the door a couple of inches very stealthily.

They could peep into the library.

At one end stood a radio set both for receiving and sending. Before this set Alvin Gray stooped, adjusting the tuning coils. Presently they heard him speak slowly into the transmitter.

At Gray's first measured words Miriam started violently. She had heard that voice in the air not an hour before!

Gray said slowly:

"Ford Markman! I am calling Detective Ford Markman. Do you hear me, Markman? Are you listening? I am calling Ford Markman with further news of the Cranston murder."

Markman and Haley stepped quietly within the library door, Miriam close behind.

Gray continued into the radio phone transmitter:

"I have a new clue for you, Detective Ford Markman. The Unknown Friend has a new and important clue in the Cranston bank mystery."

Ford Markman said suddenly, casually:

"Then suppose you tell it to me face to face, Alvin Gray!"

At the same moment Tom Haley leveled a

pistol on the president of the Cranston bank.

Alvin Gray wheeled about like a man hit by a bullet.

He gaped and stood stricken before them, a man paralyzed.

The blood receded from his face, leaving it a ghastly white. The man seemed about to faint.

Haley stepped to his side, seized his arms, searched his clothing for a weapon with practised hand.

"Now, Mr. Gray," Markman said grimly, "you can come with us to the Cranston jail, where a friend of yours, your partner in robbing your own bank and accidentally the murderer of poor Tug Burke, is waiting for you."

Miriam asked a question at last.

She cried hysterically:

"Alvin Gray! Did Mr. Gray rob the bank? Did he——"

Markman answered:

"Alvin Gray hired the crook who robbed his bank, my dear. That man also murdered Burke, and is ready to confess it. But Gray is the master criminal, the instigator of the crime, and equally guilty of the murder that followed. I guessed a part of it when I heard that Alvin Gray had plunged heavily in stock market speculations. I was certain of it when I proved that Gray was the mysterious unknown who was so generous with misleading clues. The rest is merely a question of details. "Ready, Haley?"

"Ready," Haley answered.

"Then we'll introduce Mr. Gray to a jail that's all too good for him."

CHAPTER TEN

HAPPINESS

THAT evening in Miriam Royce's home Ford Markman explained to Miriam and Lee Hanford the manner of Gray's undoing.

"Gray's idea of using the radiophone was decidedly original and highly ingenious," Markman said. "But like so many ingenious criminals, he overreached himself. He was too smart!

"What Gray forgot—or perhaps did not know—is that there is an infallible method of locating the source of radio telephone messages, or wireless signals of any sort. If Gray was more familiar with the splendid service of the United States Naval Radio Compass stations in aiding ships at sea, he would never have attempted to baffle me with false clues in a case that in itself had enough mystery to stump any detective.

"Gray connived with an expert crook to rob the bank. He went to the radio dance, and thus escaped suspicion. Then, by way of adding a little bafflement, he had the robber himself announce the robbery over the radio telephone.

"That radio message we received later in the night convinced me that some person with a guilty conscience was very much interested in muddying waters already clouded. I sent at once for Tom Haley and some special radio apparatus.

"When the second message came we had the loop aerial ready, as you remember, Miriam."

Miriam glanced at the square, box-like frame mounted on its axle which still stood by her radio outfit.

"The loop aerial has the peculiar property of detecting the direction from which a radio wave originates," Markman explained. "Besides this one here Haley's men had two others waiting at points about equally distant, giving us three points of bearing on the source of the mysterious warnings.

"Without bothering you with the details and necessary corrections in taking such observation, let me say that we established compass bearings on the source of this voice from three separate points.

"Therefore, where three lines extended on these varying compass readings intersected was the source of the message. If you are familiar with the principle of triangulation you will understand. And that point was the home of Alvin Gray.

"Gray's accomplice we had under observation for most of the day. We recognized him by certain peculiarities in the manner of blowing open the vault doors. Every good cracksman has his own technique, and a detective can recognize his work as easily as a connoisseur

of paintings can recognize the work of Rembrandt even when the artist's name is omitted.

"But Gray was our big prize, the instigator of it all and, thanks to the radio telephone, we got him. Now, if only Lee Hanford would explain the peculiar events that placed him under suspicion——"

"Explained in a few words," Hanford smiled. "I got permission by telegram this evening.

"The man I talked to was my half-brother. Nobody in Cranston knows of him. Five years ago he broke the law and was sent to Delawanna prison. For his own sake I kept this a secret. He came to me last night for help, and I helped him, promising to keep his secret.

"But as soon as he heard of my dilemma he sent me permission to break my word. Thank God, I am at liberty to tell everything!"

"And thank God you are *at liberty!*" Markman concluded, smiling. "At liberty to try to thank this girl for her faith in you when circumstances looked very bad indeed. Tom," Markman beckoned to Haley, "you and I need fresh air. Let's go out and look at the stars and leave these people to their own very important affairs."

With smiles and nods for the sweethearts, the two detectives went out into the night.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

SPIRIT OF CONAN DOYLE'S COLLIE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in an interview at the Ambassador Hotel said it is certain that animals survive what we call death and that their etheric bodies are inhabiting the world of the spirits.

He once had a favorite collie. It died, but some years after a clairvoyant entered his room.

"What a beautiful dog!" she exclaimed. You and I would have said there was no dog there, but she, with her clairvoyant eyes, could see.

"Tell me the color of it," said Sir Arthur.

"It's like this table," she replied.

"And the color of that table was the color of my collie," Doyle told his interviewer.

"I am sure that animals live on. They tend to remain around the homes where they have been living."

When Sir Arthur was on a lecture tour in Australia he was introduced to a dog in Christchurch said to possess psychic powers. It was a fox terrier, sixteen years old, blind and deaf, but when admitted to the room in which the Spiritualist was he at once ran to him, extraordinarily excited. When asked how many sixpences there were in a half crown he barked five times; four for a florin. He gave twelve barks for the pennies in a shilling.

"Have you met any other dogs like the Christchurch dog to which you referred in 'Wanderings of a Spiritualist?'" he was asked.

"No, but there have been very few animals in history like Darkie."

Those animals were a remarkable horse that lived in Shakespeare's time and was burned with his master in Florence. Another was the Boston skipper's dog; a third, the Rurrian horse, and the fourth was the dog Darkie, a dog which, when asked how many males there were in a room, would include himself, but would omit himself when asked how many human beings there were.

In his book Doyle adds this: "One wonders how many other dogs have human brains without the human being clever enough to detect it."

In the middle ages learned theologians debated long whether animals had souls and would survive. Opinion was inclined to be in the negative.

Calmly Sir Arthur replied to this reminder: "They do survive. It is certain."

Stories of Shoplifters

A RICHLY dressed lady, attired in a long loose cloak of glossy sealskin, a heavy black silk dress, and a stylish close-fitting bonnet, entered a large New York store. She flitted about from counter to counter in a desultory manner, after the fashion of leisurely shoppers, occasionally purchasing some small article, for which she paid from a well-filled purse; but more frequently she tossed over a profusion of rich laces, silks and velvets, apparently seeking something she could not find, for she made no purchase. For some unaccountable reason a small, quiet man, apparently a floor walker or curious salesman, followed the lady for a little way, and presently, at a sign from him, a saleslady suddenly put on her hat and cloak and went all about through the store making purchases at whatever counter the handsome customer tarried.

They finally passed down to the main entrance and were about leaving the store when the quiet, inquisitive floor walker detained them and invited the lady to step into a little retired room and relieve herself of various articles concealed about her person which did not belong to her. Arrived at the room the lady fell on her knees and called on all the saints in the calendar to attest her innocence. She threw her arms about the girl's neck who waited to search her, pleaded with her with tears and sobs, kissed her and stroked her hair, tore the diamonds from her own ears, neck, and fingers, piling them in a glittering heap on the table together with a diamond studded watch. She offered them to the searcher if she would only believe her and not submit her to the disgrace of public search, told her of a husband who would kill her, and of little children who would learn to despise their mother's name. She dashed her head against the brass work of the radiator, beside which she knelt in supplication, and called for poison to end her miserable existence.

The supposititious poison was instantly procured and handed to her, whereupon she promptly rallied from her hysterics and submitted to the search. It resulted in recovering one hundred dollars' worth of goods and in finding beneath the lady's overskirt a long, large bag of silk which covered the entire front of her dress, with an opening at the side large enough to take in a roll of silk or a piece of velvet. The woman also wore five skirts, in each of which was a pocket which opened into the pocket of the skirt beneath. Her long loose stockings contained several articles of value, and in her bosom were concealed many more. At the prosecution which followed her much-feared husband appeared and seemed not at all disconcerted. He had secured able counsel, and promptly paid her fine.

A devoted little mother with a two-months-old baby on her shoulder recently entered an uptown store. Over the baby's embroidered robe a long double cloak was wrapped, and the child seemed to require a great deal of attention beneath his cloak, all of which was given by the mother with many smiles and caresses. As she was about leaving the store she, too, was quietly invited into a retired apartment, and beneath the baby's cloak was found secreted something like $80 worth of goods. She began on shoes and finished on Easter eggs, eight chocolate eggs being stowed away together with handkerchiefs, dolls, rattles, some velvet and a piece of lace. Of course she cried, and the baby cried in concert, and altogether a damp, depressing scene followed.

At the close of a dull day, as the detective in a large store was about leaving, he saw a prettily dressed lady take from the candy counter two ten-cent bars of molasses candy.

"I didn't want to prosecute the woman," said the detective, "for I surmised that she had a baby at home or an unusually sweet tooth herself, so I summoned my woman assistant and said loud enough for the lady to hear: 'That woman will have to go before the inspector

before she leaves.' The color instantly forsook the lady's face, and a deathly pallor ensued. She flew nervously from one counter to the other, casting furtive glances about to find some place to deposit her stolen goods, and at last dashed frantically into one of the small rooms. My assistant followed and beheld the poor woman hastily devouring the candy. Occasionally she would stop and burst into tears, and then resume her hurried repast. She might have thrown the candy away, but in her fright it did not occur to her, so she devoured the whole lot. I wouldn't have eaten that candy for ten dollars, and I thought that meal was sufficient punishment, so I let her go.

"A beautifully dressed woman," the detective added, "tried to carry out some concealed goods one day. She seemed to have plenty of money, and, in fact, had spent a considerable sum, when search was instituted, what do you suppose we found? Two bright pink silk undershirts. Now why in the world that respectable middle-aged woman wanted to steal those giddy pink shirts, to wear for the admiration of her pious old husband, I couldn't imagine; but, thinking such wifely devotion should be rewarded, I let her go after she had given up the stolen property.

"Another stylish lady used to come in here with a very elaborate parasol decorated with lace and ribbon, and having a heavy silver monogram on the handle. She had a preference for the notion counter, and as she sat there one special sale day, when the people crowded about the counter, I took the parasol from her reluctant hand and opened it suddenly. A shower of little articles fell, covering a large circle on the floor, and in the stir that followed my lady escaped. When I looked around she was gone, and I had only the parasol left. I have it still, lace and frills and silver monogram and all.

"Yes, a great many children are sent to help themselves to things and a great many appropriate things without being sent. I always watch the lunch counter for evidence against cash girls about whom my suspicions are aroused. They don't dare buy ribbons and trinkets to take home, so they gorge themselves at the lunch counter and patronize every apple and peanut stand on the way home. That was the way I first suspected Lillian Smith, the little girl pickpocket, about which so much was said in the papers a few years ago. She was a beautiful little girl, with an innocent, sweet face, whom you would never suspect of anything crooked. I saw her devouring a sixty-cent lunch one day, and immediately I watched her, and after a little found that she was taking eight or nine pocketbooks a day. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children took up her case, and Mr. Gerry may well feel proud of her, for she has entirely reformed from her bad habits, been adopted by a wealthy family, and is growing up into a beautiful girl.

"A rather pathetic little incident occurred here at Christmas time. The wife of an actor of very good reputation in the city took articles of considerable value from the fancy work department. When detected she made full confession of her guilt, and stated, with many tears, that her husband had been ill for some time—that she had no money to make Christmas presents to her friends, as was her custom, and that she hated to let them know she was so poor. In her pocket was a check from the Actors' Relief Association which partially corroborated her story, and she was finally excused.

"All the way from $10,000 to $50,000 a year are lost to proprietors of large stores through shoplifting. In some of the Sixth avenue stores where no detectives are employed three, four, and even five sealskin cloaks are stolen in a day, and rarely do the detectives in stores where they are employed search a person for stolen goods that they do not find concealed about them articles belonging in other stores all along the avenue. In some of these stores a plumber is regularly employed to keep the ladies' toilet in order, for into the sinks are thrown pocketbooks from which the money has been taken, small parcels, when the shoplifter finds she is being watched, cards and tags on goods, and a whole piece of lace or embroidery is sometimes crowded down out of sight to avoid detection.

"About 90 per cent. of the pilferers are women. In a store where 470 prosecutions are recorded for one year, only forty-three of the culprits were men.

"There are three classes of shop thieves, professional shoplifters, habitual pilferers, and

a class of people who, under strong temptation or through great need occasionally commit petit larceny. The latter class are almost invariably excused on confession, apology, and return of the stolen goods.

"The first class mentioned rarely appropriate anything except sealskin cloaks, pieces of silk, velvet or lace, and jewelry. They usually wear a long fur-lined cloak in winter and carry a muff and an umbrella, and always travel in pairs, one watching the floor-walkers and the other covering the shop girls. If a piece of silk, lace or velvet is selected worthy of their efforts, they ask the shop girl for another piece not on the counter; while her back is turned in search of the goods, they slide that which they have selected under their cloaks.

"Another scheme is to push something off the counter in such a way as to scatter or unfold it, and while the girl bends to pick it up they appropriate what they desire. Sometimes they lay a dainty handkerchief carelessly down over valuable jewelry or laces and carefully take up the object with it. A shoplifter slides her muff on her left wrist, quickly passes the small article she desires into her left hand, then slips the hand into her muff. Umbrellas are favorite places for concealing small articles, and another favorite scheme, particularly in summer, is to carry on the arm a shawl or wrap, which is carelessly thrown down on the counter over a piece of valuable goods and afterward picked up with the goods inside.

"Sealskin sacques are usually hooked on a large hook fastened for that purpose inside a shoplifter's cloak, near the neck. Recently a detective, watching a lady board a car, saw, as one foot was lifted to the step, a sealskin cloak hanging from beneath her dress, and he kindly relieved her of it.

"A lady came down the stairs of a large store with a sealskin jacket carried boldly over her shoulder. She was seen tearing the tag off, suspicion was aroused and she was detained. She claimed to have brought the cloak down to show to a friend, but as the friend could not be found, she was 'rough shadowed' about the city through the day, and seen bringing a handsome cloak out of one store and a valuable shawl from another, in the same way, which she gave to her accomplice outside.

"Pilferers will take anything they can lay their hands on, and seem to steal for the mere sake of stealing. Perfume, handkerchiefs, hose, even goblets, butter dishes, and crockery, and fancy articles of all kinds. In their pockets they carry paper and cord, and when an article is taken they repair to the retiring rooms and do it up in a parcel. Sometimes they take them into other stores and ask to have them wrapped up, telling some plausible story.

"A woman was caught stealing a piano cover, was followed by one of the salesladies, who allowed the thief to pick her pocket at a counter, possess herself of a good stock of merchandise, and go into another store where she asked to have the goods done up. When brought before the judge she proved to be an old offender, and his honor remarked: 'Well, I see you have taken the spread, I suppose you will steal the piano next.' Umbrellas are a popular article for confiscation. They are easily taken and do not need to be concealed.

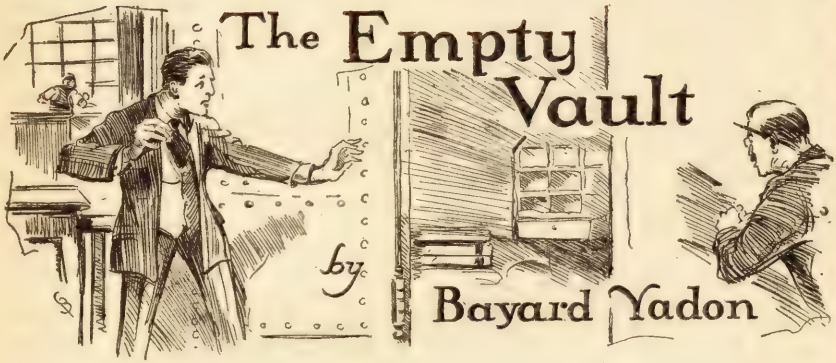
"Two little children conceived an ingenious method of stealing ribbons, which consisted in carrying a little basket with holes in the bottom, through which an end of ribbon was passed and pulled until they had taken the entire roll."

"RATTLESNAKE FEAST"

A score of students and laboratory instructors at West Virginia University were treated to a rattlesnake feast one day recently while P. A. M. Reese, head of the Department of Zoology, incidentally attempted to prove that a great deal of meat goes to waste every year owing to common scruples.

The rattler from the West Virginia hills was presented to the university several weeks ago. When it declined to eat, Dr. Reese killed it and prepared it much the same way that other meats are prepared.

Those who partook of the meat said it was not unlike the breast of a chicken.



ARTHUR LEWIS, assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Linden, appeared ill at ease. He was slightly nervous and his eyes gave one the impression that he had not slept well during the night.

Abner Wright, cashier, noticed the change in the manner of his young assistant, who was usually more cheerful during the early morning hours than at any other time. However, he would probably not have thought any more about it but for the unusual occurrence that was to follow.

It was exactly nine o'clock when Wright went to the vault to open it. His practiced fingers began twirling the metal knob until the last bolt was released, then he swung open the massive door. The inner doors were next opened. Viewing the interior, he staggered back as if from a blow.

With the exception of the books and a few bags of coin the vault was empty.

Lewis, who was standing near by, noticed the cashier's strange actions and hurried to him. Wright, unable to speak, pointed in the direction of the empty shelves.

"What went with it?" asked Lewis.

"I don't know, of course," answered Wright, "but we will gain nothing by standing here. I'll notify the president and the police."

"Hadn't we better get Marlin here first and leave it to him about calling the police? He might want the affair kept quiet for a while, you know," Arthur Lewis suggested.

"Perhaps you are right," the other agreed.

The president and the directors of the bank were hastily summoned and arrived in a short time. They were as dumbfounded at the loss of the money as the cashier and his assistant had been.

Mr. Marlin, the president of the bank, promptly notified Detective Fox, the local Pinkerton representative. The bank was insured against burglary by this agency, and the task of hunting the criminal would of course devolve upon it.

Fox arrived within a few minutes. He was not one of the plain, simple-looking detectives. Large of build, fashionably dressed, he appeared to be a man capable of directing and handling large affairs. He lost no time in getting down to business. A slight examination of the safe showed him that the combination had been used to open it.

"Who knows the combination of this safe?" he demanded of Marlin.

"Only Wright, the cashier, Lewis, the assistant, and myself," answered the president.

"What do you fellows know about this rob-

bery?" asked the detective, suddenly turning to Wright and Lewis.

"I know nothing except that when I opened the safe a few minutes ago the bulk of the money, about fifty thousand dollars, was missing." The cashier's statement indicated by the tone in which it was uttered that he had nothing to conceal.

The assistant's denial was equally emphatic.

The detective then told the president to resume the regular business of the bank as if nothing had happened. The insurance company would assume the loss and pay the claim within a few hours.

Fox began looking for clues in a manner that clearly indicated that this was not his first case.

It was at this time that Ben Browning, reporter for the local *Tribune,* made his appearance. He had once been a lawyer. He was an old friend of the assistant cashier's, and, realizing the danger of Lewis's position owing to the latter's knowledge of the combination of the safe, he immediately offered his services in trying to find the criminal. He had acquired some reputation as an amateur detective in aiding in the solution of local mysteries. Such cases often arose in his daily journalistic work.

Fox was obviously nonplussed. So far as he could find, no clues had been left by the despoiler of the bank's vault. It would probably take some time to find the criminals, he told the officials.

Next he began a private examination of the bank employees. The watchman's story was so strange that it was incredible.

"At about two this morning," he related in stammering accents to the detective, "I saw something all dressed in white comin' right through the wall it looked like, without makin' any noise. I was so skeered I couldn't shoot or even speak. I run into the president's office and stayed a while. Fin'ly I picked up nerve and looked eround. Evar'thing was all right—safe still locked n'ever'thing was in its place.

"How far were you away from the—er—ghost?" asked Fox kindly, for the old man was near a nervous collapse.

"I was here," indicating one end of the hall that was between the private offices, "and it was at t'other end." He pointed to the end of the hall near the rear entrance. Fox looked at the rear door. It was locked.

"Was this door locked when you examined it?"

"Yes, it was locked. There wasn't nothin' to show that anybody'd been in here, I tell you."

He was unable to obtain any further information from the old man that would throw any light on the robbery. Being informed by one of the clerks that the aged watchman was superstitious and that he frequently reported strange scenes and noises on his nocturnal rounds of the bank, the detective attached little or no importance to the strange story. But he did not doubt the old man's honesty, for he had been a trusted employee of the bank for forty years.

So far as the detective could find out from Marlin, both Wright and Lewis were scrupulously honest. Indeed Lewis was a suitor for the hand of Evelyn Marlin, daughter of the bank president.

"I will give my consent to the marriage as soon as Arthur proves his worth. Just now he is living beyond his means, and I am informed he is head over heels in debt. However, he is just as honest as you or I," Marlin explained.

"So he is in debt, lives beyond his means and knew the combination of the vault? That sounds interesting. How long has he known the combination?"

"Not over a month. On account of a sick spell of the cashier I had him learn it."

Meanwhile Browning, the reporter, had not been idle. Coupled with the ardent love of his profession was the earnest desire to help his friend. He carefully examined the floors and other parts of the banks for possible clues. Being only an amateur detective and one well versed in the work as it appears in fiction, he possibly made a more thorough examination of the floor for footprints than did Fox, who attached more importance to motives, character and opportunity, and who was even then learning things that would probably put the criminal within his power shortly.

The floors of the bank had been swept by the janitor early in the morning, as usual, consequently any telltale tracks which might have

been left by the unwelcome visitor had been obliterated. However, there was one place on the floor, evidently a place where the sweeper had set his trash can while sweeping the dirt, which had escaped the broom. It was this spot that Browning examined minutely. The discovery that he made here was well worth the scrutiny. Part of a bare-foot track could be indistinctly seen at this place on the marble floor.

Finding no more tracks in the building, he next examined the rear entrance, which opened into an alley. The door was fastened by a spring lock that could be turned from the inside by a knob. An examination of the ground outside the door revealed two more tracks similar to the one found in the building. Several shoe tracks were there also, but these might have been made by ordinary pedestrians during the earlier part of the morning.

He searched the alley for further traces of the one whom he believed had looted the bank. A hundred yards or more of this search disclosed nothing of importance. Retracing his steps, he searched that part of the alley which lay in the opposite direction from the rear of the bank building. This time he was rewarded by the discovery of more barefoot prints —not regularly, for the ground was hard in places, but in others where it was soft such traces could be distinctly seen.

But so far, it seemed, he had really accomplished nothing. At a point about two hundred yards from the bank the tracks ceased, as if their maker had taken wings and flown.

The reporter seated himself on an old box and made a mental résumé of the case. He had never suspected that the assistant cashier was implicated in the crime. He had too much faith in the honesty of his friend to even allow this suspicion to cross his mind.

While he was thus speculating a man crossed the alley at a nearby intersecting alley, and Browning recognized him in the one fleeting glance that he had. That single glance at the lone pedestrian seemed to solve the mystery. Springing to his feet, the reporter started after him on a run.

The chief of the local detective agency had been very busy during the morning. Within two hours after he was summoned to the bank he had the private history of each of the employees, but he seemed especially interested in the daily lives and habits of the cashier and his assistant. It was no secret to any of them that the great man-hunter had decided that Arthur Lewis was the guilty man, and the latter did not act in a manner that was calculated to belie suspicion. Saying nothing to any one, he went about his work in an abstract, nervous manner. Wright could not help recalling in his mind that the clerk had been noticeably nervous upon his arrival at the bank in the morning.

Fox, working as he always did on a cause and effect basis, had learned that Lewis was heavily in debt owing to the latter's attempt to keep up a social standing with the Four Hundred of the city. Also he had frequently complained of the insufficiency of his salary and of his inability to live decently on it. It was the same old story, Fox concluded, an under-paid bank clerk, social ambitions, a sudden yielding to temptation.

The detective gave orders to have the homes searched of those under suspicion. Then he went to his office to await results.

Browning, the reporter, cornered his man after an hour of shadowing that would have done credit to any dime-novel sleuth. The man had been a notorious burglar and all-around crook several years before, but the police had never been able to hang anything on him since his release from the state penitentiary nearly a year ago. It was generally believed that he was now straight.

"Barefoot Slim" was the name by which he was known, not only to the police, but also by the general public. He had acquired this appellation from his nocturnal habit of entering always with his bare feet peaceful dwellings and taking anything of value that could be found. Browning had aided the police in finally locating the "Barefoot Burglar," and this is how he happened to be familiar with his methods of operating. The eccentric prowler was known to be a very timid burglar, and no one ever heard of his frightening women or doing violence to any one. The reporter was genuinely sorry that suspicion now pointed to the barefoot knight of the jimmy. He liked the fellow, partly because he believed he was

leading a straight life and partly because it was through him that he was able to get inside information about various crooked and shady deals that helped him to write a feature news story every now and then. He promptly assured the suspect that he would not turn him up unless he had really caused the depletion in the funds of the First National.

The fellow talked willingly, even eagerly, but after he had finished Browning was as far from the solution as ever.

"Go measure the tracks if you don't b'lieve me, an' see if they're mine," the ex-convict concluded.

"I'm going now," Browning said, having concluded that he could get no further information from "Barefoot Slim," "and you hang around here. No use trying to get away, for I will have the place watched. If you have told a straight tale I will see that no harm comes to you."

The reporter returned to the bank and had a confidential talk with Arthur Lewis. The information obtained from the assistant cashier caused the hope of success to rise in him once more.

He again sought the alley at the rear of the bank and measured the footprints. Another link in his new chain of evidence was forged here.

The final link was discovered in a talk with a man who lived in the same apartment in which Lewis resided.

While awaiting his turn at the corner drugstore telephone Browning summed up the case in his mind.

"Pretty good work," he mused; "I have solved the mystery within less than three hours after the discovery of the empty vault."

Calling Detective Fox over the phone, he quietly informed him that he was now in possession of all the facts relating to the robbery of the First National.

"Oh, you are, are you?" The voice of the detective boomed through the receiver. "We do not need your solution. The money was found in Lewis's room about thirty minutes ago. He is now under arrest, and his preliminary hearing will be at Squire Whittle's office at three this afternoon." The detective ended the conversation by jamming the receiver on the hook as if he were wasting his time talking to a mere newspaper man.

"I rather guess I will be at that little trial myself," Browning said to himself.

At three in the afternoon a small crowd was assembled in the office of Squire Whittle. Arthur Lewis, who, though slightly pale of feature, wore a cheery smile, was the leading man in the little real life drama that was about to be enacted. Fox, Marlin, some of the bank clerks, Browning, "Barefoot Slim" and a few others were present. Evelyn Marlin, daughter of the bank president and fiancée of Arthur Lewis, arrived on the scene just as the trial started.

Fox handled the case for the state. Abner Wright, who was the first witness, testified to putting the money in the vault at closing time on the preceding day. When he opened the vault on the following morning the money, about fifty thousand dollars, was gone, he further testified.

Lewis corroborated these statements in his testimony.

Fox and two of his subordinates testified to having found the money in Lewis's room.

The magistrate considered the trial as finished and was on the point of binding the prisoner over to criminal court when Browning came to the front. He asked permission of the presiding justice to be allowed to act in the capacity of attorney for Arthur Lewis. The court granted the request.

The self-appointed attorney began by putting the defendant on the stand.

When asked as to his whereabouts on the night before the defendant said that he was at the home of his fiancée, Miss Marlin, until nearly midnight. He further stated that they had discussed their future, and especially his lack of funds with which to support a wife.

"On the way home I could think of nothing but money, money, money. Not a fortune, but just enough to purchase for me a home, a wife, contentment. It was in this mental state that I went to sleep. After that I remember nothing until morning. But I dreamed that I had robbed the bank, and, the dream being more distinct than dreams generally are, I had a sort of guilty feeling when I went to work this morning. Somehow I was not surprised when

we discovered the loss of the money, but I could not account for its disappearance."

Lewis further testified that he was a somnambulist and had been known to walk in his sleep.

Edward Meriwether, a merchant whose home was in the same apartment house in which Lewis resided, testified that he saw the defendant going up the fire-escape at about two-thirty in the morning. He stated that he knew that his neighbor had somnambulistic habits. He had found him wandering about inside the house in this condition before and had always assisted him back to his room and put him to bed. However, as he seemed on this occasion to be going directly up to his room, Meriwether decided that the sleep-walker did not require any special attention.

The little audience was now thoroughly interested in the unfolding of the mystery. Fox appeared as interested as any of the others, and did not attempt to interrupt Browning in his handling of the case.

The night watchman was the next man to take the witness chair. He repeated the story he had told Fox in the morning—that of the ghostly visitor.

Browning saved the best part of his play until the last. At his command "Barefoot Slim" took the chair. The witness appeared singularly out of place in this intelligent and well-groomed circle. Clad in soiled and ill-fitting garments, almost barefooted, the slender figure of the ex-convict could arouse nothing but pity in the breasts of the respectable onlookers.

"Now tell the court what you did last night that has a bearing on this case," Browning ordered.

"It's like this, squire," he began; "I was goin' down th' alley behind th' bank when all at oncet I took a notion to go in and look eround. Honest, squire, it's the first crooked deal that I've been in since I was in stir. Well, I comes up to the back door, an' the thing was standin' open! It looked so easy that I was sorter skeered to go in. But in I went. Nobody didn't try to stop me. I didn't see no watchman. Then I takes a peep at th' safe and I'll be durned if it wasn't standin' open, too! I begin now to see that somethin's happened and that it's liable to be hung on me. I shut th' door of th' vault and turned th' knob so's they wouldn't miss the coin till mornin'. Then I beat it. I pulled th' back door to when I left and I reckon it locked. That's the straight goods, squire; I ain't done nothin' crooked since I left the stir, and I ain't never goin' to no more."

Browning arose as the man finished speaking, and summed up his case:

"I am sure that there is no doubt in the mind of any one present of the truth about the whole affair. Lewis, who is addicted to sleep-walking, especially when he is troubled about something, arose in the night, dressed only in his white sleeping garments, and went to the bank. He took with him his key to the rear door and a pillow case.

"The door was not fastened except by an ordinary spring lock. The watchman always leaves the door unbarred until nine or ten o'clock at night, so that Lewis or one or two of the other clerks may come in and work on their books. He is supposed to bar the door after that time, but evidently forgot to do so last night. Lewis had easy entrance into the building.

"The watchman, seeing him clad only in his pajamas, and thinking he was a ghost, was too frightened to do anything other than run for safety.

"And now comes the almost incredible part of my story. Lewis actually worked the combination of the vault door while he was sound asleep! I know it seems impossible to some of you, but psychologists say that a sleep-walker can perform almost any act while asleep that he can do while awake and in full possession of all his faculties. Yet such somnambulistic acts are not remembered unless as a dream.

"Lewis took the money from the vault, put it in his pillow case and carried it to his room and left it lying on the floor, where the detectives found it this morning.

"The court can plainly see that Lewis is not guilty of any crime. To be guilty of theft a person must have the *animus furandi*, and we all know that he never consciously had any dishonest intentions.

"Not only is Lewis entirely innocent, but he has actually rendered a great service. Had the

money been there when 'Barefoot Slim' entered the bank, that little crook, who is an expert safe cracker, would have taken the whole of it, and the detectives would have had a fat chance locating the criminal.

"On the other hand, 'Barefoot Slim' is not guilty of any crime, unless it be a technical charge of entry, which in this case was merely walking through an open door. I earnestly request that the matter be dropped. I will see that this does not get into any of the papers, as publicity such as this does not tend to increase the faith of the public in banking institutions."

Fox immediately withdrew his charge against Lewis, and none was preferred against "Barefoot Slim." Upon a promise of good behavior and honesty the latter was allowed to go his way in peace.

Lewis and his fiancée were in raptures over his speedy acquittal.

"I will give you a raise in salary, young man," said Mr. Marlin with mock sternness, "but don't you rob my bank any more."

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

SENSE OF DIRECTION IN ANIMALS

IT is well known that any of our domestic animals can find their way home from a distance of many miles, even after the lapse of some time. This faculty is perhaps oftenest seen in the dog, the horse, and the cat, but is known to be almost or quite as fully developed in the ox. The faculty has been supposed by some naturalists to depend upon a sixth sense, independent of sight or smell. Such a theory involves an organ of sense by which the needed observations may be carried to the brain; an organ which must be distinct from eye, ear and nostril. Physiologists have not, as yet, found any such organ in the constitution of any animal nor have they found any nerves different from those which belong to our own nervous system.

If we watch the conduct of a dog when he is thrown upon his own resources to find his way home, we shall see that he has made good use of his five senses up to this time, and that he purposes to make good use of them in the immediate future. It is always assumed that the dog has not slept during the time that he has been carried from home. If he were to sleep, he would lose all clue, whether he had a sixth sense or not, for in sleep all the senses are equally dormant.

The case has been submitted of a dog taken by rail a distance of two hundred miles in a circuitous course and set down fifty miles from home. He disappears, and the next day is found at his old haunts. He could not have followed the rail by which he came, for this would take him a longer time; he must have struck across country.

The question is, did he take a direct line for home, or did he shape his general course so as to come out upon some familiar spot—miles, it may be, from his home—and from that point follow remembered paths? Hunters say that the latter is most frequently the case.

Suppose, in the dog's absence, the old home has been burned down and his master's family have moved five miles to the right or left, but are at the same distance from the point at which he was set down. He will go back to the old spot, and from there will trace the family by scent, if he traces them at all. He has no sense to inform him of the changed position of the family, nor of anything more than would be known to a man under the same circumstances.

But the case is made clearer by supposing that the dog's master has left home, gun in hand, while the dog has been detained for a time. The man goes straight to the woods, but after getting out of sight, makes a turn so as to bring him to the opposite side of the house. If now the dog is let loose he takes to the woods at the point where he saw his master enter. From there he trusts to his eyes and nose, keeping close upon his master's trail.

If the dog had a special sense of direction he would not so easily be thrown off the pursuit of a deer or a fox by the animal taking to the water.—*New York Herald.*

The Black Diamond

By JACK J. GOTTLIEB

PART THREE

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE SLAYER OF DOCTOR GREENE

THE touch of Zachary's hand had the same effect upon Scanlon that a forceful blow would have had. The ex-secretary paused in his tracks, reeled, then made as though to dash forward. But the herculean form of the other showed a sudden surprising speed. Before Scanlon had run five steps Zachary had grasped him by the scruff of his neck and swerved him sharply around.

Several persons stared at them curiously; quite a few stopped to watch them. Zachary, all unmindful, bent forward and whispered in Scanlon's ear. From where they stood Bob Quaine and Detective Tranton saw a deathly pallor steal over Scanlon's countenance; he seemed to tremble like a leaf. A few more words passed between them, then Zachary roughly took Scanlon's arm and reverted to the entrance of the Sewell. Besides the massive frame of his companion Pritchard Scanlon looked like an anemic pigmy.

They were about to enter the apartment house when the affair took a sudden turn. Even before Quaine and Tranton knew what was happening four men had rushed forward from out of nowhere, it seemed, drawn revolvers in their hands. Two of the men were patrolmen; one wore the uniform of the police inspector, and the fourth, a small, wiry man with baggy clothes and piercing eyes, was plainly a detective. Before Scanlon and Zachary were aware of it bright steel glistened about their wrists.

On the instant a crowd gathered. There was a spasmodic straining of necks and pushing arms; in the offing came several policemen to the aid of their fellow-officers. Quaine, Tranton, and the operative bounded forward, but by the time they had pushed their way through the swarming horde the headquarters men and their prisoners had gained access to the vestibule of the Sewell apartments and had closed the sturdy glass-front doors upon the multitude.

Quaine and Tranton, however, were admitted when Inspector Wyatt recognized the former.

"How-do, Quaine," said the inspector, with the trace of a grimace that told of intense satisfaction. "We've a couple of birds here who are wanted; wanted very badly. This fellow here, Ty Zachary his name is, had a hand in your father's death; and as for Scanlon, the police are very anxious to know how, when and why he murdered Greene." The inspector laughed easily. "Lucky pinch this. We were on the lookout for Scanlon; we were just about to nab him when Zachary approached him. I've had this big fellow's description photographed on my mind for some time, and I guessed who he was soon as I saw him."

"I didn't kill Quaine," Zachary blustered. "You've got me all wrong. I didn't kill him, I tell you."

Nevertheless there was a light in his eyes whose significance was unmistakable—a light of fear. Gigantic as he was, Zachary looked for all the world like a cornered rat.

The inspector snorted unbelievingly. "Tell that to the marines, Zachary," he growled. "We *know* you did it; we've the evidence."

A normal person could have told that the inspector did not mean what he said, but the nettled giant was under the influence of fright.

"I *didn't* do it!" he cried with rising inflection. "It's a lie—a lie! I meant to, but—— Blast it, you're trying to railroad me. I know it; I——"

"Shut up!" ordered the inspector gruffly. "We'll soon find out all about it. Now then,

Zachary, speak up! What did you have to say to Scanlon five minutes ago there on the street?"

The big man turned a startled glance at Scanlon. The latter cringed; his face turned the color of chalk. There was appeal in his eyes.

Ty Zachary wet his lips. "If I tell you, and if you find out I didn't kill Mortimer Quaine, will you promise to let me go?" he asked.

"I make no promises," the inspector retorted. "Now then, out with it."

But before Zachary could speak Bob Quaine turned to the inspector. His voice was a trifle strained as he ventured:

"I think, inspector, that this affair is about to be cleared up, thanks to this lucky double capture. There's a young lady in suite 104 of this building"—Bob's face paled slightly as he forced himself to say this—"who might have something to add to the declarations of these men. I suggest we go up there and have it over with. You can be free from interference at the same time."

Inspector Wyatt thought a while, stared through the glass door at the crowd that surged without, then said:

"Might as well, Quaine. Headquarters is the place for it, of course, but if there's some one else connected with the case——"

A white-faced, bald-headed man, the superintendent of the Sewell apartments, came out into the hallway. He had been roused by the rumpus, and now he stood stock-still, astonished by the clogged entrance. The inspector smothered the man's ire and asked to be shown to suite 104. Half angrily the bald-headed one complied.

Laura Ayres opened the door in response to the knocking. She stared blankly at the men with silent portent, and when she caught sight of Zachary her mouth opened somewhat and she gave a little cry. The giant bit his lip, allowing his great shaggy head to lower a trifle.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked as the man trooped into the comfortable-looking chamber.

Bob Quaine had gone over to her side, and now he put his arm about her. He said soothingly: "Don't worry, Laura. We are about to find out who it was that shot my father, and you are going to tell what you know about it."

"I?" She gave a tiny gasp. "Why, Bob! I know nothing of your father's death."

He looked at her, and of a sudden he was conscious of a thrill of exultation.

"There, now! All in due time," the inspector said. "We will see what's what first. Now then, Zachary! Talk! What had you to do with Scanlon ten minutes ago?"

There was an ominous silence in the room. Zachary slowly passed his tongue over his lips; he turned his head and looked intently, questioningly, at Laura Ayres. She nodded the slightest bit, but the action, cursory as it was, seemed to imbue the big man with a decisiveness that was marked. He had sat down, and now he rose slowly to his feet. Tall as he had appeared before, he now looked like a human tower.

"I'll tell what I know," he declared slowly. "I didn't kill Quaine, and I've got nothing to be afraid of. As for what I had to say to the chap you call Scanlon——" Zachary paused, and he turned his bushy head to look at his fellow-prisoner.

A slow pallor crept over Prichard Scanlon's countenance. He half rose to his feet. An inarticulate sound caught in his throat.

"D-don't! For God's sake——" Tears of pleading and remorse welled up into Scanlon's wild eyes. "D-don't tell them."

Zachary's fists clenched at his sides. It was not because of anger; rather the action spoke of firm determination.

"I'm going to tell," he said calmly. He looked at the inspector. "Officer, you're on the right track. Scanlon killed Doctor Greene; I saw him do it."

His words were cut short by an ear-splitting yell from Prichard Scanlon. And the next instant, before any one could jump to his assistance, he had slumped to the floor in a dead faint.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ZACHARY REVEALS ALL

SEVERAL minutes later, when they had taken the prostrate man into the next room there to revive him, Zachary began his story.

"Four years ago in Africa I came into the possession of a wonderful gem—a black diamond that must have been worth a fortune. I was penniless and in rags at the time, but I didn't sell the diamond for fear I would drive a poor bargain. Soon after I became acquainted with Mortimer Quaine, who was touring Africa, he said, for his health. We became fast friends; at least, I *supposed* we did. Understanding that he was a gem and curio collector, and all unsuspecting that he might try to do me out of it, I showed him the black diamond. He offered me a huge sum for it, but—fool that I was!—I refused to sell it. And then one day I got into a fight, at which I had the misfortune to cause the death of a man. I myself was severely wounded and taken to a hospital. It was only when I was well again that I discovered Mortimer Quaine had flown with the diamond.

"But I could not follow immediately, for I was arrested for manslaughter. I spent nearly three years in jail; a month ago I was released when my attorney obtained a new trial for me and proved I had caused death only in self-defense.

"I had Mortimer Quaine's New York address, and as soon as I was free I wrote him a threatening letter, which I now regret having written. It was a crude letter and written on the spur of an angry moment. Then I booked passage on a steamer bound for New York, and arrived a little over a week later.

"I had no living relative but my daughter, whom I had left in New York when I sailed for Africa five years ago. There had been a family row between us before I left; I've been something of a no-good in my day, and I knew that she had changed her true name, Zachary, which I'd disgraced, to something else. I didn't know what name she had changed to nor where she lived, and it took me almost two weeks to locate her. I succeeded in finding her here; Laura had taken her mother's name, Ayres."

Zachary paused, conscious of an exclamation to his right. He turned and noted the maze-ridden countenance of young Quaine.

"Then Laura is your daughter?" the latter asked.

"Yes, my daughter. *I'm* proud of the fact, but I can't say *she* was glad to see me. She cried and cried; why I don't know, unless it was because she was ashamed of me. I guess she had a right to be; I'm not much on appearance, and I've never been what you might call a good man. I was angry, of course; I was fool enough to expect words of welcome instead of sobs. I was angry because she cried, and angry because she dabbed that tiny blue-laced handkerchief at her eyes so often. I snatched it away from her, thrust it into my pocket, and left in wrath.

"I had decided to look up Mortimer Quaine that night and demand the black diamond. As a result of the quarrel with my daughter I was still angry, but I can truthfully say I had no intentions of doing Quaine harm.

"Quaine himself opened the door for me. He staggered back when he saw me, but I managed to quiet down his fears somewhat. He led me into the house, and I told him I had come to get the black diamond. I assured him, when he showed me the threatening letter, that I had written it on the spur of the moment, and that I really had no murderous intentions towards him.

"I needn't go into the explanation he gave me as to why he had taken the jewel in the first place. He told me something about his believing I was dead, but now that he knew me to be alive, he said, he would make immediate restitution. Telling me to wait, he got up and approached the door, presumably to get the black diamond.

"It was then that Doctor Greene stepped quietly into the room. Mortimer Quaine started; I myself was a trifle surprised, so unexpectedly did he make his appearance. There was a smile on his face that was so bland it was unpleasant. I suddenly felt a queer dislike for the man.

" 'I couldn't help overhearing part of your conversation with Mr. Zachary, Mortimer,' he said to Quaine. 'The door was slightly open, so I took the liberty of entering without ringing. May I ask if you intend turning the black diamond over to Mr. Zachary?'

"Mortimer Quaine paled a bit at this quiet question. 'I do,' he said in an embarrassed tone. 'It rightfully belongs to him, Greene.'

" 'But you willed the diamond to me,' protested the doctor.

" 'I—I'm sorry then. I believe I'll have to change that part of the will. I thought Zach-

ary was dead when I willed the black diamond to you.'

"And then, before Quaine or myself could even show our amazement, Doctor Greene had whipped out a revolver. He leveled it straight at Quaine.

"'I will give you just five minutes to change your mind,' he said coolly. 'Five minutes! That black diamond is going to be mine! Understand? Mine! I want it, and, by God, I'll have it.'

"I sat as though rooted to my chair. Quaine was of course blankly surprised; to him Greene's cool words were a series of thunderbolts. But when a minute had passed his lips took on an ugly scowl. He was not afraid of Greene. I could see that.

"'Stop this nonsense!' he said sternly. 'Put down that gun.'

"I didn't expect Greene to do Quaine's bidding, nor did he. There was a glint in his eyes; they were the eyes of a maniac, and I read murder in them. The pistol never wavered.

"Greene had taken out his watch, and the five minutes were up before we knew it.

"'Do you still intend, Quaine, to give Zachary the diamond?' he then asked calmly.

"Quaine got up angrily, his fists clenched.

"'I do, by God!' he cried. 'This farce has gone far enough, Greene, you—you——'

"'For heaven's sake, Quaine,' I cried out, but even before I'd finished the thing I feared happened. The pistol spoke, and Quaine fell to the floor.

"Greene pocketed the pistol as serenely as though he had been taking target practice. He turned to me.

"'I don't think you'll mention a word of this to any one, Zachary,' he said. 'You'll be suspected of killing Quaine as it is. If you take your story to the police they'll arrest you and think you're crazy. That threatening letter you wrote Quaine—it wouldn't sound harmonious with your words of innocence. As for me, I'll be able to establish a perfect alibi. No, by far the best way, Zachary, is for you to lay low.'

"And then he left the house.

"I, too, fled the scene of the crime, but I did so through the back window. I was in a quandary. It seemed to my whirling brain that Greene had me in a grip from which I could not loosen myself. But when I'd thought the matter over calmly I laughed away my fears. If Greene thought that I would be afraid to take my story to the police, then Greene was every kind of a fool. No, I wasn't afraid of *that*, but still I stayed in the background. The reason was I wanted back the diamond. If I went to the police I might have trouble in getting it. So, after a day or two had passed, I decided to pay Greene a visit and threaten him with exposure unless he turned over the diamond.

"I looked up Doctor Greene's residence in the directory, and it was only two hours ago that I ascended the steps of the house. There was a sign in the glass of the door which said, 'Ring the bell and walk in.' Obeying a sudden impulse, I did not ring the bell, but pushed the door in and entered softly. There were loud voices in the office, and because one of them belonged to Doctor Greene I stood in the entry and listened.

"'Damn you, what do you want?' I heard Doctor Greene say angrily. 'Speak up now, or get out!'

"Though I feared that at any moment some one might traverse the hallway and catch me listening at the door, nevertheless I stood stock-still, straining my ears. I had been arrested by a compelling note in Greene's voice. I stopped and applied my eye to the keyhole. Doctor Greene was out of my range of vision, but I could see the other man—Scanlon!

"Scanlon was standing, and he was bending over the desk. His face was flushed and angry.

"'Get out, will I?' he cried. 'Say that again, Greene, and I will—by heavens, *I will!* And when I do it'll be to march straight to the police. You get that, you murderer?'

"There was a space of silence, and then came the voice of Doctor Greene:

"'You can't frighten me, Scanlon. If the police arrest me for killing Quaine they'll get you for conspiracy. You can't place my neck in jeopardy without risking your own. Now, how much do you want. Will one thousand do?'

"Scanlon laughed harshly. 'A thousand? What do you think I am—an imbecile? I want the black diamond you got from Quaine's attorneys to-day, and I want it quick!'

"Doctor Greene suddenly lurched into my range of vision. His face was bloated with wrath.

"'You'll get nothing,' he screamed. 'Understand that? Now go on, get out! Beat it before I lose my temper and kill you like I did Quaine!'

"They stood there for a spell, looking at each other with murder in their eyes. I could plainly hear their short, quick breaths. Finally Scanlon spoke:

"'Greene,' he said, trying to speak calmly, 'you're the lowest kind of a snake. When you and I contrived to kill Quaine you were afraid I might peach; so you tried to murder me yourself. You almost succeeded, too, and you were rather clever in using a crude piece of lead. Your idea, of course, was to divert suspicion from yourself. Greene, I say again, you're a snake. I hate snakes. Whenever I come across one I try to kill it.'

"He was on his feet in a flash, and just as quickly did he reach for something on the desk. The next instant I heard Greene utter a low grunt, and I guessed what Scanlon had done. I waited but a moment longer then, watching Scanlon move quickly about the room in search of what I guessed to be *my* black diamond. Then I went quickly away from the house.

"That is the whole truth; I swear it."

There followed a brooding silence. Presently the inspector asked:

"And the reason you accosted Scanlon outside a half hour ago——"

"Because of the black diamond. I wanted to have it out with him."

Bob Quaine suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"But the handkerchief—Laura's handkerchief! How did it come to be in my father's hand when he died?"

Zachary's wide brow ruffled, then cleared. "Oh, yes. It was this way: I've told you about snatching the handkerchief from my daughter because it had irritated me? Well, I had it in my pocket when I went to see Mortimer Quaine. While listening to his explanations in the house I had drawn it out, fingering it listlessly. And when Greene, after stepping quietly in the room, leveled his pistol at Quaine, I was startled, and I dropped the handkerchief on the table. I didn't notice it, but I suppose Quaine grasped at it with his stiffening fingers upon being shot. In that way it remained in his fist."

It was the next day. Bob and Laura were alone in the room.

"I understand now," Bob said musingly. "And so what was troubling you that night was the sudden appearance of your father after five years' absence and the quarrel you had with him. Gad! I could kick myself for what I really thought."

Laura raised his brows in mild surprise. "Why, Bob! What was it you thought?"

"Never mind. It doesn't matter in the least." He laughed. "You've heard that they found the black diamond on Scanlon, didn't you, Laura?"

"Yes. They are giving it back to my father, aren't they?"

"They are. But your father won't have it for long."

"Why——"

"First, let me ask you a question, Laura. You aren't superstitious, are you?"

"Not in the least. But why——"

"I'll tell you. You see, your father has agreed to sell me the diamond. In fact, it's as good as sold. And, as soon as everything has quieted down you're going to have an engagement ring, and it's going to be adorned by the black diamond."

With that he leaned over and kissed her.

(*The end*)

A New Detective Serial Begins Next Week.
—— It is Entitled ——
"THE TWENTY DOLLAR PLATES"
By David T. Browne.

Thugs

IN the year 1807 a band of Indian rascals were accidentally detected in the act of dividing what turned out to be the clothes and other property of some murdered travelers, and by laboriously following this clue, that great mystery of iniquity — Thuggee — was eventually dragged into the light.

Some years later Dr. Sherwood, an old resident in India, published a pamphlet about the Thugs which sent a thrill of horror both through the Anglo-Indian and the British public. According to him, the sect seems to have originated ages ago in the north of India, where its members were called Thugs, or Deceivers, and thence spread south under the name of Phansigars or Stranglers.

Thuggee was not only a profession, but a religion as well, and so close and secret were its principles that little was really known of it even among the natives themselves. To speak of the Thugs, or even to think of them, was held to be unlucky. No good could, and much harm might, come of it.

From different Thugs, who, when arrested, turned informers to escape capital punishment, was obtained the following account of the origin of the mysterious brotherhood.

Coeval with the creation of mankind existed a huge giant, who was so big that when he took a walk in the sea his head rose above the deepest waves, and the highest mountains were as but ant-hills in his path. A good-sized river could have run down his throat, dashing itself again his rocks of teeth, and his roar resounded from one end of the earth to the other. As for the loftiest and strongest forests, he crushed through them like grass. He lived on human flesh, and his appetite was so voracious that man would soon have been exterminated, but for the merciful interposition of the goddess Davee, who, having obtained a sword of enormous size, attacked the giant, and at the very first thrust ran him through. He fell dead before her, but from his blood, which ran in rivers—here we seem to have an Indian version of Hercules and the Hydra—spring legions of new giants as formidable as the first. The goddess, wielding her gigantic sword like a beam of light, slew and slew, but each monster as he fell gave birth with his blood to a thousand more, and the task was interminable.

Feeling herself almost done, Davee stopped to wipe her face, and from her perspiration, as it fell upon the ground, sprung two men—and then she saw her way out of it. Tearing a piece from her robe, she divided it into two handkerchiefs, which she gave to her sons, and showed them how to tie the slip-knot. Under Davee's instructions they went boldly to work, and being now able to kill without shedding blood, soon strangled all the giants.

Their occupation being gone, the two men felt dull for want of employment, and beside, their cherished handkerchiefs were useless, as Indian necks and noses required neither to be muffled nor blown; so they poured out their grief in prayer to Davee, who took pity and gave them leave to strangle their fellow-creatures, and make at the same time a livelihood out of the plunder of the victims, not forgetting their dues to Davee. So these two men became the founders of the sect of Thugs.

The good Davee showed in many other ways her consideration or her children. While they were few in number and the work hard, she buried all the dead herself. They only had to strangle and hide the bodies in the bushes, and by morning, at the latest, they were sure to be gone. Perhaps jackals had as much to do with this as Davee.

But when there were many Thugs, and they could not all be stranglers, the goddess instituted the order of grave-diggers and gave up conducting funerals herself.

However, she did them one more good turn by giving them one more of her own ribs for a pick-ax. Other Thugs said that Davee was angry because a strangler, having dispatched

his man, hid to see how she would bury him, which the goddess had expressly forbidden. To his surprise, instead of burying the corpse, she began to eat it, which was nearly as bad as the giant. As the Thug peeped through the bushes Davee saw him, and with a gesture of rage flew away and has never, it is said, been seen since. So the Thugs had to dig graves themselves.

But all agreed that there was no mistake about the rib, which served as a pick-ax for centuries, until, in anger probably at the falling away of the sect from ancient purity of the faith, it miraculously disappeared.

The profession of Thuggee was kept strictly in the Thug families, descending from father to son.

If a stranger wished to enter, he had to get some holy old Thug to agree to become his gooroo, or spiritual parent. After years of apprenticeship, and having passed creditably through the inferior offices of scout, grave-digger and holder of hands or shamshea, he had first to climb to the top of the professional tree as a bhurtote, or strangler.

Having been ordered to purify himself by prayer and fasting, and to have as much silver money about him as possible—the chink and smell of silver being particularly grateful to Davee—the candidate and his gooroo, with a shamshea, started off disguised as ordinary travelers.

If possible, they joined company with some solitary, poor wayfarer, and waited patiently for the time when, after the midday meal, he lay down to sleep in the shade; but, before proceeding to actual business, it was necessary to withdraw and watch for a good omen.

If it came shortly, they turned their faces westward, and the gooroo, taking the handkerchief, tied at one end of the goor khat or holy knot, with a rupee inside it. He then delivered it to the disciple, who, leaving the gooroo to pray to Davee, crept stealthily with the shamshea to the unconscious slumberer, whom they awoke. Then in an instant his hands were pinioned, the fatal noose passed round his neck; then came a stifled cry, a choking gurgle, a convulsive struggle, and the sleep of the grave settled on his eyes forever!

The work being done, the murderers leaving the corpse to the grave-diggers, who were not far off, returned to their friends, to whom the gooroo presented his son in triumph as a full-blown bhurtote or strangler. He then took back his own rupee, as well as getting all his son's money, for the purchase of what was wanted for the solemn feast, to which all friends were invited, and the chief dainty at which was the dish of goor or holy sugar.

A sleeper, said the Thug informers, was always aroused before being strangled, because their religion expressly forbade the killing of one who slept.

The reason of this probably was a fear lest an attempt to slip the noose round the neck of a person lying down might be a failure, and result in an alarm and detection.

SHUTTLELESS LOOM DOUBLES PRODUCTION

A NEW automatic shuttleless loom, which the inventor believes will revolutionize the cotton manufacturing industry, is now claimed to be perfected and ready to be placed on the market, writes United States Consul Wallace J. Young from Bradford, England. This loom is said to give double production, plus automatic weaving, to weave cloth better by 25 per cent. in appearance and handle with two picks at once rather than with one pick of double thickness.

The weft is supplied from two cheeses, one on each side of the loom. This gives weft mixing and produces more perfect cloth. Two different kinds of yarn, or two different counts, can be put in for effects. Six to ten colors or more can be put in by the same plain loom with the attachment of a simple color mechanism which has been invented for this purpose. The colored threads can be thrown across, two or more at a time if desired, in any order.

It is also claimed that waste is reduced to practically nothing, and that cops may be spun four or five times the regular size, resulting in a big saving in spinning, doffing and winding.

Policeman Burk's Adventure

by

Howard Philip Rhoades

JAMES M. BURK, known chiefly to his friends and the public as Policeman Burk, was crossing the dark side street which flanked the massive Variety Theatre building when he heard the cry for help.

Until now he had not noticed the slender girl on the other side of the street being propelled rather than escorted by the thick-set man. But as the pair came beside a taxi, halted at the curb, into which the girl's companion attempted to push her, the attention of the man in blue was attracted by a sharp cry of "Help! Police!"

At the moment her companion attempted something the girl evidently had not expected; her glance, searching in a panic-stricken way, fell upon the tall, straight figure of Burk garbed in blue, and set off with the helmet, brass buttons and badge of a guardian of the peace.

Certainly, if one had to be rescued, the choice of Policeman Burk was a fitting one. His uniform was spotless, his buttons polished, his helmet free of dust and his shield burnished like a mirror. Besides his face was sharp and alert, his body strongly knit, and his air was one of confidence and resourcefulness.

The girl caught little of this, of course. What she did see was a man in the uniform of a policeman at the very moment she needed one. She called and he came. Leaping forward, he approached the other side of the taxi. But the other man—the sallow, evil-eyed, thick-set fellow with her—was not asleep. He had the advantage of plans already made. With interference threatened he pushed them at top speed.

One of his hands grasped the arm with which the girl was trying to seize the door of the taxi and resist abduction. The other circled her slender form. With all the power of his stout body behind the move he virtually threw her into the car, then leaped in himself.

The chauffeur, who seemed in league with the abductor, did not wait the slam of the door before he crowded on all speed. The machine started off with a rush—such a rush, in fact, that Policeman Burk, who barely grasped the car as it plunged forward, was almost thrown. He did not have time to get his feet on the running board, and was forced to relinquish his hold to keep from being thrown upon his face.

Primarily Policeman Burk had been drawn into the affair by a desire to succor the girl. Her face, turned to him in that moment of fear, had revealed a pair of deep blue eyes and a wealth of soft brown hair which framed

a beautiful countenance. But as he looked into the car for an instant and beheld the thick-set, evil-eyed man, who drew the girl over to him and slapped a pudgy hand over her mouth, another force seized him. There was no mistaking that sallow, roundish, ugly face. Policeman Burk gasped.

He gasped even in the midst of saving himself from a fall. He threw up his hand at an empty taxi just coming up. "See that car crossing Broadway?" he cried to the chauffeur. "Don't lose sight of it; catch it!"

"Yes, sir," said the chauffeur as Policeman Burk leaped in.

The car containing the girl and her abductor shot across just ahead of a thick stream of north and south traffic which filled Broadway. The man in the pursuing car, which was forced to stop, leaned forward in his seat, fuming in impatience. He was at the point of jumping out and appealing to the policeman in charge when the signal for east and west traffic was given. Then his car rushed on after the speck which already was growing small in the direction of Eighth avenue.

For a time the machines maintained the same relative distance. By this Policeman Burk knew the first one was rushing along at breakneck speed. Into Eighth avenue they turned and raced southward. Then a trifle west on a side street. The second car gained, started to overtake the first. The taxi containing the girl and the man had slowed down, then stopped. Burk, peering from the door of his machine, saw the man ahead pause a moment as if paying his chauffeur, then hurry up the front stairs of an old-fashioned high-stooped house, carrying the girl in his arms.

The second taxi pushed up as the first sped away. "Wait!" ordered the uniformed man as he leaped out and hurried up the stairs. He did not ring, but pushed open the door and listened for footsteps. The house was silent. Like most of the older type, it had a parlor facing the street with other rooms ranging back from this. Burk opened the door to the front parlor. It was deserted and silent beneath pale gaslight.

He strode back through the house. Here was the dining-room. From farther back came the suppressed sound of voices and the clatter of dishes. He knocked upon a closed door, then opened it and entered.

At the sight of the man in uniform a colored girl scouring a skillet dropped it ringingly into the sink with a shriek of fear. An anxious-faced woman, evidently her mistress, turned to Policeman Burk in astonishment.

"I'm after a man who came in here," Burk explained. "Where did he go?"

"Why, I haven't seen any one," gasped the woman. "Who was he?"

"Brownie Foster they call him. Got a roomer by that name?"

"No—no, I haven't."

"He's here. I saw him come. He has a girl with him. Could he be on this first floor?"

The landlady, gradually recovering her wits, didn't think so. They looked in all the rooms. Outside of these there was only, on the first floor, a passage to the rear. "Upstairs then," said Burk. "He's probably there."

One by one they examined the rooms above. Some were vacant. From others cautious roomers watched the blue-coat and the landlady search, assured by the latter that this was the first time such a thing ever had happened in *her* house.

Burk was at the point of asking about the attic when he glanced out a rear window. Beyond the yard was the shadowy bulk of a larger building which fronted the next street north.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing.

"The rear of the Lamont Hotel."

Burk's face lighted. Then he cried: "The Lamont? That explains it! He came in your front door, evidently knowing the lay of your house, and went right through. I didn't realize the proximity of the hotel. Does your yard join it at the rear?"

"There's a gate," she said.

"That's where he is," said Burk. "I was over there looking for him last week. Sorry to have bothered you. Good-by."

From the rear of the rooming house Burk cautiously made his way through the gate to a side entrance of the Lamont. It had, like the greater share of its patrons, seen better days, being now a none-too-elegant haven for the more or less impecunious and irregular overflow from the so-called White Light District.

Burk made no inquiries of the clerk. He

chanced no warning to Brownie Foster, but stealthily crept up flight after flight of stairs. Now he was on the fifth floor, picking out the room before which he had stood only last week, certain that his man was inside, but unable to get any response to his knocks. There would be no uncertain waiting outside this time! Burk's fists doubled in anticipation as he approached.

Light showed over the transom. There were voices: the low, pleading tones of a man; the faint, sobbing, fearful ones of a woman.

Burk tiptoed past. He wanted to make sure of the layout of things. Yes, three doors to the right, then a hall with a window opening from it upon the fire-escape. He peered out. The fire-escape passed Foster's room. If they went out that way he had only to step to the hall window to cut them off. They had no chance of escape, Burk thought, as he returned to the door.

A second longer he listened, trying to make out the low, pleading words of the man and the faint sobbing ones of the woman. Then the fist of the man in uniform came down upon the wood with a sharp, commanding knock.

"Who's there?" asked the sullen voice of a man.

"Open up, Foster. I want you!" answered Burk.

There was a cry from the girl—one of hope and appeal; one which was blotted out by a hard, brutal blow sounding like a slap across the face. It was a sound which made Burk like a wild beast. With an inarticulate cry he started smashing at the panels with his fists and kicking them with his heavy shoes.

Between blows he caught the noise of a window being raised, the low guttural commands of the man, the sobs of the girl. Burk knew they were stepping out. In a moment they would pass the window. Then the capture and rescue! One second longer he paused, then tiptoed swiftly toward his ambush.

He waited, as it seemed to him, long enough. Nobody appeared. He listened carefully. Unmistakably there was the sound of feet clambering over iron. He looked around the corner. The window of Foster's room was open. But on the fire-escape between him and the window was nothing. Could the other man be taking the girl back through the hall? Fearful he was being tricked, the man in blue rushed back. There was silence within the room. He grasped the frame of the door, leaped up, his foot upon the knob, and looked in.

The room was empty. The window leading to the fire-escape was open. Policeman Burk gasped. His quarry had flown, but whither? He hurried back to the hall window and stepped out upon the fire-escape. Carefully he made his way to the window opening from the room lately occupied by Foster and the girl. Then he understood. The fire-escape went in the other direction as well as past the window at which he had been waiting.

There was no time to be lost. Traversing the steel frame as rapidly as possible, the man in blue hurried on. A few steps, then there were stairs going down. He descended swiftly, stopping occasionally to listen. Now from below there was a different sound. Foster and the girl had left the fire-escape and were walking on the roof of some neighboring building. If the man ahead had left the fire-escape for a flight over the housetops, which stretched dimly away, he must have some definite destination, Burk reasoned. Therefore it behooved him to catch up at the earliest possible moment.

Now the feet of the policeman touched the housetop. It was an easy step from the fire-escape at the level of the third floor of the Lamont. Suddenly he saw the man and girl ahead of him bathed in a peculiar illumination. It came and went like soft, yellow flashes of lightning, but always with the regularity of machinery. Burk looked up and recognized the source. The softened flashes were thrown across the roofs by a huge illuminated sign which flashed on and off somewhere in the next block. Burk clung to the shadow of a chimney, sharply alert, for he saw, as the light came again, that the girl and man had reached a critical position.

Pausing at the brink of a chasm between houses, Foster had his arm about the girl, evidently trying to induce her to leap or be thrown across the few feet intervening between this roof and the next. The girl held back, trembling in fear, evidently unnerved by her experience of the last few minutes. At last, as the man urged her vehemently, she

sunk back helpless in his arms. Enraged, Foster jerked her away and started leading her along the edge of the roof.

Policeman Burk saw what Foster had intended. He seemed to be making for a small structure which jutted up from the roof of the next house. That little box-like structure doubtless marked the door to a stairway which would take the abductor back to the street. Jumping the gap would have enabled the man with the girl to reach it long before Burk could interfere. Now Burk's course was easy. While Foster was making the longer circuit, made necessary by the girl's panic, the man in uniform had opportunity to make up his lost time.

Quickly Burk stole up to the edge of the soft glow of light. When it was dark he ran forward. When it was light he dropped and lay in the shadows. Twice he did this. In the third period of darkness he leaped the chasm between houses, and then crouched behind the little structure which marked the beginning of a stairway. Cautiously peering around the corner, he watched Foster and the girl approach.

They were less than a rod away when Burk was on his feet before them. Just as he reached his full height the glow of the great electric sign once more illuminated the roof. Like a phantom he stood waiting. Foster, as he caught sight of the other man, was rooted for an instant. Then he betrayed his concentration on the stairway by attempting to rush past and into it.

"Just a moment, Foster!" cried Burk as he grasped the other man.

The glow now was upon the earnest face of the tall, helmeted man. Foster recognized him and gasped: "Burk!"

His identification of Burk as a man in uniform whom he personally knew, rather than a strange member of the police force at large, seemed to put a peculiar courage into Foster. Or was it desperation? He knocked off the grasp of the other man and swung as Burk closed in.

What the girl, as she tightly clung white-faced to the wall, saw after that was a fight between two strong men who went at each other in dead earnest, clinching, breaking, with each new turn of battle setting upon each other in the panting, struggling hope of subduing the other.

After a time Foster seemed to realize that he was beginning to lose. Closer and closer he edged to the door. Burke, detecting this tendency, turned his back upon the goal of Foster's efforts, and defended himself against the last attacks of the desperate man. Never once did the man in uniform attempt to draw a weapon with which quickly to end the fight. It seemed to the girl as he battled on, using only his fists, that he scorned an undue advantage in this strange battle back of which seemed something other than the impulse to make an arrest.

So it seemed, too, with Foster, until the tide turned definitely against him. Twice Burk knocked him back from the door. Then reeling from the second blow, Foster fell back several steps. Swiftly his hand went around. Luckily for Burk at that moment the light from the sign played over them. He saw his antagonist's purpose and was ready. The small, gleaming revolver, which leaped from Foster's pocket, never was fully aimed. As it came down the strong right arm of Burk went up.

An instant more of struggle and suddenly the bones of Foster's arm seemed to crackle. The gun, torn away from him, went ricochetting across the roof. Only once more Foster came up, throwing himself in his blind, desperate rage at the other man. Burk's right went out. Foster lay upon the roof, pale and still.

Burk leaned over him. He sighed in relief and turned to the girl. "It's all right now," he assured her. "But we can't leave him here. Bring the gun and follow."

He bent over and staggered as he raised the other man to his shoulder. Slowly they circled the gap as Foster and the girl had done. Then they were back beside the Lamont Hotel fire-escape. Burk rested his burden while he opened a window leading to a hallway. Once more he carried the other man, and they entered. He laid the still insensible Foster on the floor and dropped into a chair beside a table upon which was the telephone assigned to that floor.

Picking up the receiver, he said: "Bryant 10,000, please."

The girl dropped her head, tears again starting from her blue eyes. She was safe, of course. But now, as she reviewed the events of the past half-hour, there came to her the sting of it. Why must a girl who had always been so careful of her character and associates be drawn into such an ugly affair? Foster, whom she never had seen until that evening, who had intruded upon her at dinner, followed her into the taxi; Foster, a man she had loathed at sight, who was not of her world, what fate had allowed him thus to so horribly implicate her?

Ahead was police detention, grilling by police officials, appearances in court, sensational publicity, public misconstructions. She sobbed as her troubled mind and shattered nerves conjured a picture of the immediate future.

"Hello," the man at the telephone was saying. "Hello, Bryant 10,000? Mr. Grant, please. Grant? Policeman Burk talking. How much time have I?"

There was a pause, then an answering crackle.

"All right. I'll make it. No, I'm all right. Snagged my trousers this afternoon and forgot all about it until I got in to-night. Rushed out to a tailor. Coming back I was delayed. I'll be there. Good-by."

He looked with wonder at the girl's tears. "Don't cry any more," he said. "We'll get right out of here and call a cop to come and get Foster."

"Call a—a—policeman?" she gasped.

"Surely. I'd jail him myself, but I haven't time. In just twenty minutes I have to go on over at the Variety."

She managed to say, "I don't want him arrested. I just want to get rid of him. But you said you knew him."

"I do. He's Brownie Foster, who broke up my act in Chicago last spring by luring away my partner. I hear he ditched her—no woman lasts long with him—and I called at this hotel last week to see if he wouldn't tell me where she is. I'm back doing my father's old act, the Policeman Burk monologue. I was brought up listening to it, and I love it for dad's memory. But it's a back number compared with the snappy man and girl act this fellow ruined."

"I thought you were a policeman," she said. "That's why I called."

"I saw you needed help," he said. "Then I saw who was with you." He looked tenderly down at the tearful blue eyes through the edge of the soft brown hair which framed her beautiful face. He put an arm around her and raised her from the chair. "We'll leave Foster and phone the clerk," he said. "Now, if my car is still there, Miss—er——"

Smilingly she passed him a card.

"Eleanor Caughan!" he cried. "Thought I'd seen you. How did *you* ever happen to meet up with a chap like Foster?"

"Somehow he heard I was looking for a partner. He insisted he was the man, and I couldn't shake him."

The door of the Lamont closed behind them. They set their faces toward the brighter lights to the east. James M. Burk, known chiefly to his friends and the public as Policeman Burk, smiled down at her.

"Foster," he said, "took one partner away from me. Do you suppose he gave me back another?"

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

SENT HIM A MULE'S HEAD

ON his summer trip Frank Brown of Independence, Mo., got an elk and ordered the head mounted. He was expecting it one day recently, and when a big box arrived by express he procured a hatchet, nail puller and derrick and hastened to open it up. The boys gathered around to watch, and when the box was carefully opened and the excelsior and straw removed, there was the head of a grinning mule with dead jimpson weeds for branching antlers. Those who saw it pronounced it a very fine head of its kind, and the joke was complete when a big express bill was presented.

Curing a Snake-Bite

THE death of James Reilly, the showman, from the bite of a rattlesnake has provoked much discussion as to the curative value of whisky. The general impression is that he did not drink enough, because he did not become intoxicated, and it is asserted that unless the person bitten becomes intoxicated the alcohol does not have much effect on the poison. The case of Edwin M. Worth, a showman who had a museum in the Bowery, where he exhibited various rare and curious objects, is one of peculiar interest. He had a colony of live rattlesnakes in a glass case, and it was his habit to feed them at night after the close of the exhibition. Although not professing to be a snake-charmer, he was accustomed to enter this case freely and without fear.

On the evening of July 7, before we had prohibition, he entered the case, and observing the largest of the big serpents moving towards him rather closer than usual, he "shoo-ed" at it as one does at a hen, and waved his hand. But instead of being frightened, the reptile became angry, and darting at his hand, fastened its fangs in his thumb and hung to it, and it was only by knocking its head against the top of the case that it could be made to relax its hold.

Worth was a man about forty-one years of age, cool and self-possessed, and he immediately sent out for a bottle of whisky and began sucking the blood, which flowed freely from the two punctures, but it did not occur to him to bind the thumb tightly below the wound, so as to prevent the diffusion of the poisoned venous blood through the system. The whisky came, and he drank the entire contents of the bottle—about a pint—and not becoming intoxicated at once, sent for another pint and drank that also. Then all at once he became blind drunk, and in an insensible condition was conveyed to the Chambers Street Hospital. Here his thumb was scarified, and the two punctured wounds were washed with pure carbolic acid, and a small dose of atropia was poured down his throat. But he was so prostrated by the alcohol that the stomach pump was used and a pint of whisky was taken out. He was then sent in the ambulance to Bellevue Hospital, where, as he was still helplessly intoxicated, he was placed in the padded cell used for dipsomaniacs until the effect of the liquor subsided. The punctures in the thumb were freely incised, and the hand and arm were enveloped in a poultice of flaxseed and powdered charcoal mixed in equal proportions and applied as hot as possible. As soon as one began to cool it was taken off and another hot one applied.

In a few hours he became sober, and gave a connected account of his accident, and of his feelings. He was removed to a regular ward, and in the stronger light his face was seen to be of a peculiar yellow pallor, while his eyes were set deeply in their orbits. He complained of the excruciating pains in his thumb and hand. They were like those produced by stinging-nettles, only much more intense. He suffered from thirst, craving ice all the time, but could not retain any liquid on his stomach. The thumb and the nail were now black, the hand, fingers and forearm greatly swollen, presenting a peculiarly mottled appearance, green markings on a yellowish ground. A little lime-water conquered the nausea, and he was then able to retain moderate doses of morphine and whisky. The temperature of his body was over a hundred degrees, and he became delirious that night, muttering constantly. He was exceedingly weak, his pulse was rapid and feeble, and it seemed that he was sinking fast. Morphine was injected under the skin, and he was kept alive with whisky and milk. Under this treatment he revived, and notwithstanding the horrible pain he endured, he slept at intervals. This was the night of July 9.

During succeeding days the patient was kept alive by unremitting attention. The temperature of his body rose to 104 degrees, and his nostrils began to bleed and had to be plugged.

On July 13 he was given an ounce of whisky every hour, and ammoniacal hypodermic injections. He then began to improve, the heat of his body was lowered, and he became stronger. But the stronger he grew the fiercer were the pains in his thumb and hand. These were relieved by sprinkling powdered opium on the poultices which had been applied continuously since his admission. The following day Worth was much stronger. Small doses of digitalis were given him, and a little morphine was added to his whisky. The hypodermic injections ceased, as the normal temperature of the body was restored and all the symptoms promised a speedy recovery. The poultices were removed from the patient's hand and arm, and the thumb was dressed with Peruvian balsam. It was now found that the thumb was in a complete state of gangrene, and it was necessary to amputate it. He became stronger and stronger, and on the 9th day of September was discharged, cured.

All the above details are taken from the hospital records, and their accuracy can be relied on.

In the case of Reilly there was never any time when amputation was possible. The poison affected the whole nervous system, and his weakness was such that he would have died under the knife.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

GIRL 17, "SEES" WITH NOSE, "HEARS" WITH FINGERS

WILLETTA HUGGINS, 17, totally blind and deaf, has been brought to Chicago from the School for the Blind at Janesville, Wis., to demonstrate senses of touch and smell that are so evidently supernormal as to astound physicians and scientists.

She was born in Eau Claire with defective vision and hearing, which continued to impair. Complete deafness overtook her at ten. At fifteen such of her sight as remained was destroyed by an illness.

Here is what she demonstrated in private tests recently: She can hear over the telephone by placing her fingers on the receiver. She can hear persons talk by placing her fingers on their cheeks. The "vibrations," she says, convey the words to her.

She can read newspaper headlines by feeling the letters. But she cannot read the body of the article as the letters are too small. She can tell the denomination of paper money by the same method.

She can hear a lecture or a concert by holding a thin sheet of paper between her fingers directed broadside toward the volume of sound. She discerns colors by odors. Before the Chicago Medical Society she separated several skeins of yarns and correctly told the colors by smelling.

Among the experiments was one in which she rubbed her nose over a photograph and announced that it was a group picture of two men and a woman. It was.

She was given a knitted tie and asked its colors. She held it to her nose a moment and announced, correctly, "Red, blue and brown."

Two years ago a teacher of the blind in Eau Claire told Willetta about Helen Keller's method of communication. Willetta, interested, began to show mental development and then alertness. She learned to talk with people by placing her hands on the larynx or her finger tips on the head or chest of the speaker.

Psychologists had pronounced her subnormal when she entered the Janesville school. She is well developed, attractive and amiable.

Dog in the Manger

by Merritt L. Allen

"YOUR game, Ray; let's rest for a while."

Ray Hayner gracefully cleared the tennis net and advanced toward the speaker, Janet Pember.

"Rather warm for such strenuous exercise," Hayner said, taking the girl's arm and directing her toward a bench beneath some lilac bushes.

To all appearances they were two lovers, and more than one person stopped to gaze upon the couple, but had they followed them to the bench and listened to their conversation they would have been very much surprised at what they heard.

" 'Careful,' you haven't done a thing for two months now."

"Maybe!" reaching up with his racket to hit a branch of the bush.

"I'm broke!"

"So am I."

"Well?"

"Well?" reaching over and playfully pinching the girl's cheek.

"You make me sick! You think the whole world's watching you since that last deal you pulled. No wonder the boys call you Careful."

"Aw, Janet—'Net'! It's been a long while, too, since you left your victims struggling in a net while you run off with our last grab."

"You've either got to think up something or else we'll have to get a job."

"A job! Ugh!"

Net kicked at a pebble, but said nothing.

"Know Ira Secor?" Careful asked after a moment's reflection.

"Never heard of him."

"He's a rich old farmer."

"Expect to sell him a gold brick?"

"No, relieve him of one."

Net scanned her companion's face carefully.

"I see you have something hatching; spill it!"

"Ira Secor lives up in Bellevue all alone except for a man servant. I've been getting a line on him for the past month."

"And he's a miser and keeps all his money in the house," Net added.

"How do you know?"

"Guessed it."

"There's one hard nut to crack before we collect. 'Mumps' Listman is the man servant."

Net turned on the bench and looked searchingly into Careful's face. She was recalling the past years. Mumps had been very unlucky in his life of crime, for he had served several terms in the big stone house just outside of

Jacksonville. The last stretch had been for five years.

"Does he want to go straight?" Net asked at length.

"No, but he's scared of his luck, and won't join me," said Careful in a disgusted voice.

"You should worry. Watch your chance, and some time when he's out of the house get in."

"I can't understand Mumps; he won't rob the old man, and he says he isn't going to let me, either."

"Oh, pulling that dog-in-the-manger stuff," Net replied, reaching over and patting her companion's hand. "You've got the brains, my boy; get him out of the way."

Careful put his free hand over the girl's.

"How does this listen? You call up Mumps and make a date with him for to-night at seven o'clock; that's about the time the old boy eats his dinner every night down at the Albert restaurant, and then I'll—well, you can imagine the rest."

Net jumped to her feet and clapped her hands excitedly.

"Great! Great! You've come to life again; excuse me, I'm looking for a telephone."

Although well within the city limits, the grounds which surrounded Ira Secor's residence were spacious and well kept. The old farmer still liked to putter about at making gardens and trimming the shrubbery and fruit trees.

It was nearly seven when Ira Secor walked down his steps and turned downtown. He was afraid of automobiles and cars, so he told Mumps, but the truth about the matter was that he could not bring himself to spend the money. Careful was leaning against a telephone pole several blocks above when the old man appeared.

"The old crab!" Careful growled as he lighted another cigarette with the butt which he had been smoking. "Wait till he comes back home and finds his money gone; that kink will come out of his back in a hurry."

About fifteen minutes later Mumps left the house and walked off at a brisk pace.

"Net, you're a brick; now let's see what I can do," he soliloquized.

Careful walked over a block and then down the street in back of Ira Secor's place. It had grown fairly dusk now, and he had no difficulty in blending his dark form among the shrubbery and trees. A cherry tree grew so close to the house that the branches scraped against the siding whenever the winds blew. Careful had marked a window several days ago right under this tree, and to-night he made his way there. A poor attempt had been made to fasten the window down by sticking ten-penny nails in holes above the sash. It required but little pressure on his jimmy for Careful to force the window. Once inside he unlocked the back door and then the front one, but he lowered the window through which he had gained an entrance to the house.

"There, I won't have to unlock the doors if I want to get out in a hurry."

Careful worked slowly from room to room, for there was really no hurry. His flashlight took in every detail where the old man might have his money hid. But the search did not take him as long as he imagined it would. He found himself in a room where the old farmer evidently spent much of his time. The rays of the flashlight traveled over farm journals on a library table, a much worn carpet, and an easy-chair in which was a faded dressing gown and old carpet slippers. Careful turned his light upon the walls of this room, and soon discovered a curtain. He knew in an instant that this drapery did not cover a window or a door, for it was the only one of its kind in the room. Careful drew the curtain aside, listened for a moment, and then hid himself behind its folds.

"The old man's got an honest-to-goodness wall safe. This ought to be easy."

He tucked the long flashlight under his left arm so that the rays were upon the dial.

"First we start at zero. Why, it is at zero," adjusting the dial just a trifle; "now I wonder—— Jove! He's left it open!"

Careful had pulled the door open perhaps an inch when he felt the curtain pulled away from his body. A man had entered the room and switched on the light while he was busy, but the curtain had prevented Careful from hearing any noise. He swung about and reached to his hip pocket.

"Mumps!"

"Put'm up, put'm up high. Yes, it's me; your eyesight ain't ailin'."

"But I thought——"

"Say, bo, think I'm as easy as all that, eh? Fine trick your skirt tried to pull, but I was wise t' yuh."

Careful felt uneasy with Mumps's gun covering him, for the ex-convict had a devilish gleam in his eyes to-night.

"Put your gat down, Mumps; I promise to get right out."

"No, yuh don't; I warned yuh, and now I'm gonna squeal."

"But, Mumps, you surely aren't going to have me pinched. You know how it is, how it feels, to lay and rot in prison; surely you wouldn't do that?"

"Wouldn't, eh? Just watch me," seating himself by the telephone.

"Just a moment, Mumps."

Careful was thinking hard now. He realized that he would be sent up for a long stretch if Mumps turned him over to the police.

"I really believe he's gone crazy from his last long confinement," Careful thought. "Come to think about it, he did act queer when I talked to him last."

"Mumps, if you squeal, I'll tell old boy Secor about your past."

Mumps grinned wickedly, and he shook his gun at Careful.

"You're pretty slick, holdin' that card till the last, but it don't win the pot. Secor already knows."

"But what good will it do you to have me jugged?"

"Good? Good? Ha! Ha! Ha! I never pulled a trick but what I got caught. Other crooks can get away with it, but not me. Now I'm goin' t' get even. Secor's got a wad in that safe, but I don't dare touch it, and I'm goin' t' put you where you can't get it neither. I warned yuh. Ha! Ha!"

The maniacal laugh was cut short by the ringing of the telephone. Both men were startled. Mumps took off the receiver, but was very careful to keep Careful covered.

"Hello!"

"Oh—er—yes, sir!"

"Yes, he is."

"What's that?"

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"I got yuh," hanging up the receiver.

Careful had not listened to the one-sided conversation, for his confused mind was trying to conceive of some plan of escape.

"Who was it?" he asked in an attempt to make conversation and thus give him more time to think.

"What's it ter yuh?"

"Nothing," answered Careful, watching Mumps closely as he arose from his chair.

"Say, did yuh get the box open?" Mumps asked at length.

"Ye—no, but I can, I think."

Here was just a thread of hope, and Careful took advantage of it.

"Here's something safe, Mumps; come on; I'll go fifty-fifty with you, and I'll help you get away where no one will ever think of looking for you."

Mumps did not reply, but backed up to the curtain and pulled it aside.

"So, trying t' fool me, eh?" Mumps exclaimed when he saw that the door of the safe was already open. "Fifty nothing! Wonder how much there is in that hole?"

Mumps craned his head slightly. It was the chance Careful had been waiting for. He only had his flashlight handy, but in a second he had brought it down with a thud on Mumps's unprotected head. There was a shivering of glass, and Mumps slid to the floor with a groan.

"I guess I used a little too much vim, but he'll come to in a little while. Better tie him up, though."

Careful made quick work of securing Mumps and emptying the wall safe. He opened the front door inch by inch, but saw nothing outside that caused him alarm. As he stepped out on the front steps Careful thought he heard a disdainful chuckle from within the house, but he did not stop to listen for the noise to be repeated.

He knew that it was nearly time for Ira Secor to be returning home.

A high-priced yellow roadster crawled up the steep, cobble-stoned hill not more than five blocks away from Ira Secor's property. When

the car reached the top of the climb and had gone perhaps a hundred yards, the owner shut off the engine and stopped just beyond the only street lamp in the near vicinity. On the back were strapped four suit-cases, but the occupant of the car could not be seen because of the shielding curtains. Ten, fifteen and twenty minutes passed, and still there was no sign of life from within the car. The east wind, which had been blowing all afternoon, had chased a storm cloud over the city, and now a drizzle set in. Five minutes more passed, and then a tall man with a cap pulled well down over his eyes passed beneath the light, opened the door of the yellow car, and when he was inside shut the door with as little noise as possible.

"Careful, Ray; I thought you would never come."

"I made it as soon as I could, I'm sorry. Shall I take the wheel?"

"No."

"You're not very curious."

"You're safe!"

"Thanks, Janet."

The big car increased its speed, and soon the lights in the dwellings grew farther and farther apart. The wet roadway could be seen far ahead from the headlights, but apparently the girl was giving no thought to skidding. Mile after mile slipped beneath the car, and the blur of the night lights of the city were soon blotted out by the misty darkness.

"Janet," Careful shouted, "I had a narrow escape to-night."

"Was it worth while?"

"Yes, and for once I pulled a deal without your help, but Mumps nearly got me."

"Where were you when the telephone rang?"

"Just a moment, Ray; that dirt road ought to be right along here somewhere; we just passed the big poplar tree. Yes, here it is."

"You're sure this old farmer and his wife are all right, Janet?"

"Of course I am; only remember you're my brother and we're here to spend our vacation of two weeks. No one will look for us here."

"All right, but just stop the car for a minute or two."

And out there in the country darkness a mud-bespattered yellow car rolled into the ditch and stopped.

"Yes, Ray?"

"A while ago you asked me where I was when the telephone rang; now I want to know where you were when it rang?"

"I was at the Albert Restaurant."

"At the Albert Restaurant?" Careful asked.

"Yes, but let me start at the beginning. When Mumps didn't show up I knew that he was wise to our little game. I thought at first of following you, but I knew that wouldn't do, because Mumps would expect me to do that very thing. I went down to the Albert Restaurant and took a seat right across from Secor."

"You little devil!"

"I guess he thought I was at first. I told him that I was Josephine Lawler from headquarters."

"What a chance!"

"I told him that there was a man up at his house and he was robbing it. He was wild, simply wild. I said that his man would probably interfere, but that we didn't want him to. He looked at me as if I were crazy."

"Oh, girl!"

"I told him that when you were through robbing his place that you would join your gang and that we wanted to get the whole crowd so as to put a stop to these robberies the people were complaining about. I made him believe that there were two trailers just outside of his house who would follow you to their hang-out. He believed me and called up Mumps and told him to let this thief get the better of him, that there were a dozen men ready to grab you."

"Ah! I was sure I heard somebody chuckle when I left the house. Yes, go on."

"I guess that's about all, except that I made him promise not to go home for an hour after he finished his dinner."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"How much of a haul did you get?"

Careful slid over on the seat close to Janet and put his arm about her.

"Enough, enough for a good honeymoon and plenty to start that little art shop we've set our hearts on."

"Gee, Ray, but ain't I glad!"

"So am I, but it's going to be darn hard to play the brother for two whole weeks."

Some Remarkable Feats

THE old Emperor of Russia was said to be one of the strongest men in his empire of herculean individuals. While the heir apparent he one day visited his father to complain that his mail was tampered with. The emperor sent for the chief of police, drew from him a confession of guilt, and chided him in the presence of the czarowitz. The latter said not a word, but handed the crestallen functionary a sign of how great was his anger in the form of a silver rouble twisted into a roll. In his younger days this was a favorite visiting-card of the czarowitz. He could strike a poker against his arm and bend it, bite pieces out of china cups—feats which were in the repertoire of Thomas Tapham, the celebrity of Islington, London.

Tapham was a drayman, and sometimes, when exhilarated by the vast potions of liquor supplied him by admirers, he would take his horse's place between the shafts. He had a playful habit of twisting heavy kitchen pokers into a coil about the necks of trembling countrymen. One night, after having astonished a tavernful with his drinking powers, he came upon a watchman peacefully slumbering in his box, and threw box and man over the wall of a burial-ground.

In 1871 M. Gregorie, claiming to be seventy-one years old, astonished the physicians and the public of a town near London by carrying 700 pounds with ease, lifting an ox and performing other wonderful feats. A celebrated London physician who examined Gregorie, describes him as an exaggerated study by Hayden. His shoulders were prodigious, and his biceps almost incredible. Gregorie's strength, rather than a source of pride to him, was the cause of anxiety. Although the mildest of men, he lived in dread that he should be prevoked to use his strength against a fellow-being. He was afraid to nurse his own child lest he should give it a fatal squeeze.

Nearly all individuals of uncommon strength make up in bulk what they are deficient in height. Stanley, the African explorer, describes a strong man who was six feet five inches, and rather disproportionately slender. He could toss an ordinary man ten feet in the air and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large white Muscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised ass on his back. He could carry a three-year-old bullock halfway around his master's plantation. Once he actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders and chest a distance of 300 feet.

Middle-aged people who remember the dawn of interest in muscular exercises recall Dr. Winship, the originator of the idea which was subsequently embodied in lifting-machines. The astonishment that the doctor's performances created was equal to that of the Berliners a few years ago at Jorgney's feats. The most wonderful of these was known as the trapeze feat. The Frenchman hung suspended by his legs from a swinging bar, and by sheer muscular strength lifted a heavy horse and its rider off the stage, suspending them several minutes and then letting them down gradually and evenly as he raised them.

Mervine Thompson's achievement at Rochester, N. Y., last year was, however, in the opinion of competent judges, more surprising than this. Thompson laid his face downward on a firmly fixed ladder and resisted the efforts of a team of powerful horses to pull him from that position. A newspaper writer, in reviewing this wonderful performance, remarks that the little mention with which it escaped could happen only in a nation where strong men were common.

The same feat in 1675 gave William Joy the name of the English Samson.

The medical faculty of Vienna thought the strength of Joseph Popischilli worthy of discussion at several special meetings. This man held a table suspended by his teeth while three

gypsies danced upon it. He and one of his brothers bore upon their shoulders a sort of wooden bridge while a horse drawing a cart full of stones was driven over it. Pipischilli's strength was thought to reside in his neck, and his bones were said to be twice as large as the usual size.

Fishing parties and explorers in the wilds of northern Wisconsin were, a few years ago, familiar with Peter Panquette, the Samson of the region. He was a famous woodman, possessed of mighty endurance, and muscles that were like iron. Senator Clark says:

"I have had him bare his arms to me and crack hickory-nuts upon the muscles. It was like cracking them on a stone. He could take a handful of dried hard hickory-nuts and crush them to pieces by merely tightening his fist.

On one occasion, while serving as guide for a party of explorers, a yoke of oxen drawing the boat down the Fox gave out through fatigue. Panquette took their place, and hauled the boat along, heeding the strain less than the beasts.

Sheppard, the wonder of the Coventry Volunteers, whose muscular development answers to the description given of Panquette, like the latter, wore his hair long. With the half-breed it was a custom derived from his copper-colored ancestors, but with the ruddy Englishman it was in obedience to his belief that all his strength lay in his flowing yellow locks. Sheppard could lift a heavy man in each hand, and hold them at arm's length. He could toss enormous tables, barrels and bags of flour about as though they were filled with feathers. He could take a pewter pint pot and tear it into pieces with his teeth, and he could munch large oyster-shells as a person would munch a biscuit. Sheppard was the wonder of the country around, but his prosperous popularity developed enemies, and one of these, it is related, induced the strong man to drink deeply, and while sunk in stupor cut off his luxuriant hair. Sheppard awoke, felt his bare poll, and in tones of horror announced his strength was gone. Whether because such was the case, or because he wished to excite superstitious credulity, the strong man from that moment was weak, timid and hesitating until his hair was long again.

CHARMS OF DEATH VALLEY

TEN years of records obtained at the United States Weather Bureau substation at Greenland ranch in Death Valley, Cal., indicate that this is the hottest region in the United States and probably on earth.

The average of extreme maximum temperature reported to the United States Department of Agriculture since 1911 has been 125 degrees Fahrenheit.

At the Greenland ranch temperatures of 100 degrees Fahrenheit or higher occur almost daily during June, July and August. The hottest month on record is July, 1917, when the mean temperature was 107.' degrees Fahrenheit. But the temperature of 134 degrees Fahrenheit observed on July 10, 1913, is believed by meteorologists to be the highest natural air temperature ever recorded with a standard tested thermometer exposed in the shade under approved conditions.

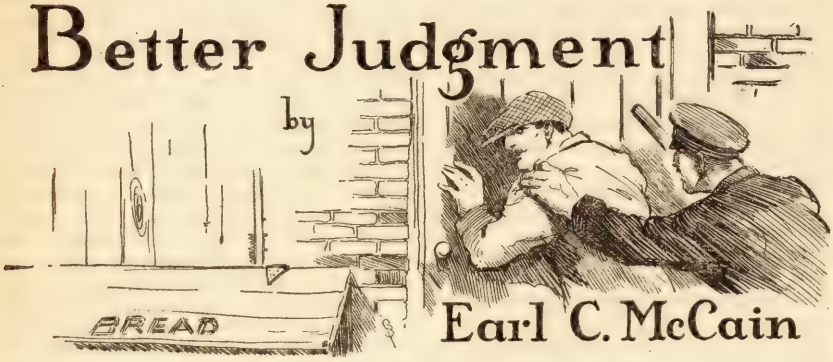
Death Valley is from two to eight miles wide and about 100 miles long, lying between high mountain ranges. It is the deepest depression in the United States, some estimates placing its lowest point at 337 feet below sea level. Greenland ranch is 178 feet below sea level. White people find the midsummer heat intolerable, and even the Indians go up to the Panamint Range during July and August.

The normal annual precipitation in Death Valley is less than two inches. Successful agriculture cannot be maintained on less than fifteen or twenty inches of annual precipitation without the aid of irrigation. A group of springs serve as the source of irrigation water supply for Greenland ranch. The water has a temperature of about 10 degrees Fahrenheit and is only sufficient to irrigate seventy acres. Four crops of alfalfa are gathered each year.

The principal product of the ranch is dressed meat, but experiments are being made in raising poultry and in growing vegetables, dates, citrus and deciduous fruits.

Better Judgment

by



Earl C. McCain

"HELLO, Gray," Chief Bailey greeted pleasantly, swinging around from his desk as a tall, keen-faced officer saluted smartly from the door. Gray had worn the army khaki, and he still persisted in a few service tricks, including that of neatness in his attire. He seemed to lend a certain distinction to the police uniform.

"You wanted to see me, Chief?"

"Yes." The chief smiled in the frank, man-to-man fashion that held the friendship of all his men. "I guess you know what about?"

"About the grand jury?"

The chief nodded.

"They quizzed me for about an hour, and they had Conway up for about the same length of time," Gray replied. "They've had a complaint that police regulations are too lax here, and that we let too many crooks slip through. I told them you have issued orders to arrest every suspicious character found on the streets."

"Did they mention any particular cases?"

"Yes, they asked about that hold-up—Griggs, who was caught in Denver and admitted pulling several burglaries here."

The chief chewed his cigar a moment before replying.

"That case did give us a black mark, Gray, and it wasn't the department's fault either. Conway arrested Griggs on a vagrancy charge the first night he hit town, but Judge Stanley discharged him in police court the next day. Did you tell the jury that?"

"Only what I had to in answering their questions."

The chief nodded quietly, then after a slight pause inquired:

"What has the judge got against you and Conway? I notice that neither of you ever obtain a conviction in court any more."

"The only thing I know of is that Parkins case. Conway and I arrested Parkins for bootlegging, and Judge Stanley discharged him in police court. Afterward the district attorney took up the case, and it was our evidence that sent Parkins to jail. You remember what the papers said about the case when it came out that Parkins had once been Judge Stanley's right-hand man on a political job?"

The chief's nod meant that he remembered. But he had another question. "Who's this Clarence Allen, anyway?"

"A young attorney who's foreman of the grand jury and is handling the investigations."

"Did he ask any questions about me?"

"Yes," evidently with reluctance, "but I promised not to disclose what was said. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Except that I don't understand it, Gray. I just had a tip that they may report some time to-morrow, and that they intend to ask for some one's resignation."

Surprise showed on the officer's face; then he asked: "You surely don't mean your own?"

"That's the only way I can figure it out. If they had anything against any of my men, they'd simply recommend that they be fired, so it must be me. It's funny about their calling you and Conway."

Gray seemed to be thinking fast.

"Well, suppose it's true, Chief. You've got a clean record, and that's all you need, isn't it?"

"Not in this case, Gray. The report of the grand jury must be published, and I wouldn't want the job if they report against me. Public sentiment, you know."

"But what's at the bottom of all this, Chief?"

"I don't know, unless it's the work of this man Allen. I understand he practically controls the jury, and it may be that he's doing this just to gain a reputation for political purposes later on. His name has been mentioned as a possibility for district attorney."

Gray was debating an answer to that when the desk sergeant came to the door. "Gray, you're wanted at court," he said.

"Got any cases this morning?" the chief questioned.

"One. I arrested a fellow by the name of Henderson at the Claremont Hotel for beating up his wife last nigth."

"I'll listen to the case," Chief Bailey remarked, rising.

Judge Stanley, haughty and half belligerent as usual, met the two officers with a scowl as they entered the courtroom.

"I wish that you officers who have cases in court would manage to be here when called," he remarked, favoring Gray with a look.

"Officer Gray was in my office on business, Judge," the chief defended, his steel-blue eyes hardening at the magistrate's tone. A certain amount of bitterness had existed between the chief and the judge for the past two years, ever since the judge had led an unsuccessful movement to place the candidate of his political gang at the head of the department. That it still smoldered in each was apparent in the glances.

"What are the facts in this Henderson case?" the judge asked Gray, glancing toward the defendant, who, showing the effects of a night in jail, stood behind the railing. Gray came a bit closer.

"The proprietor of the Claremont Hotel came to me on the street about eleven o'clock last night and said that one of the guests was trying to kill his wife. When I reached the room I found this man Henderson choking his wife on the bed. He was pretty drunk at the time, and her face and arms showed where he had struck her. His wife was ordered to appear against him this morning."

The judge glanced at the arrest tab.

"Is Mrs. Henderson present?"

A middle-aged woman arose and came forward from the rear seats.

"Is this your husband?" the judge asked, indicating the prisoner. The woman nodded.

"Is it true that he beat you last night?"

The woman hesitated, as though afraid to answer the question. After a moment she replied: "We did have a little trouble, Your Honor, but he didn't hurt me much. He wouldn't have done it at all if he hadn't been drinking at the time."

She placed one hand over a badly swollen eye.

The judge glanced from her to Gray, then smiled queerly.

"Just a little family dispute, eh?" he inquired. The woman, sensing leniency in that question, quickly smiled and nodded.

"I guess the court will let Henderson go this time," Judge Stanley stated, then turned toward Gray.

"You officers are permitted to use your own discretion in cases of this kind," he began, "and there hardly seems to be sufficient reason for an arrest here, Officer Gray. I would suggest that in the future you try to use better judgment on such complaints."

Gray's strong, youthful face colored at the stinging sarcasm, but he kept his tones even. "The woman admits her husband was drunk," he reminded. "Isn't that sufficient grounds for arrest, when the country's dry?"

The judge chose to ignore the question and arose from his desk, signifying that court was

over for the day. As the officers started from the room the chief caught Gray at the door and said in an undertone: "Don't mind this, Gray. Go right on tending to your work as usual. I don't know what to make of the judge's actions, but maybe we'll find out some day. If you hear anything more from that jury I wish you'd let me know?"

Gray nodded in answer as they parted at the outer door, but the chief took it for granted that Gray heard nothing further regarding the jury, since he did not see him until the next morning. He had just come down when Gray came to his private office.

"I've a case in court that I wish you'd have a look at," the officer stated. The chief, after a glance at the clock, led the way to the courtroom.

"What kind of a case is it?" he asked the officer.

"Investigation is the charge, but it's sort of a test case, you might say. If Judge Stanley discharges my prisoner this time we'll know positively that he's showing prejudice. There are no important cases ahead of it, so we shouldn't have long to wait."

They didn't. Just as they entered the judge called, "James R. Smith," and a young man, dirty and shabbily dressed, but with a strikingly keen face and neatly trimmed mustache, stepped forward. The fact that he was not behind the prisoner's railing meant that he had furnished bail rather than spend the night in jail.

Gray faced his prisoner before the desk as the judge asked him about the arrest.

"Last night, about one o'clock, I heard a noise at the rear door of a grocery on my beat, and caught this man trying to open the door with a pass-key. He offered no resistance when I flashed my light on him, and his only excuse was that he was trying to get into the store to meet a friend who works there. I learned this morning that the store had not been robbed, but none of the men working there knew anything about this man Smith. It's a clear case, we suspect, of frustrated burglary."

"That's your conclusion, Officer Gray," the judge replied. "You are merely asked to give the facts in the case. The court will decide upon the question of guilt." He turned toward the prisoner and asked: "What have you to say, Smith?"

"What the officer says is about right, Judge. I did try that door, but I wasn't intending to rob the store, or anything like that. My pal works there, and I was just looking for him."

"At one o'clock in the morning?" Gray remarked, causing the judge to whirl upon him. "Order!" he snapped. "It isn't an officer's place to interrupt a witness before the court."

Gray said nothing further, and the judge stroked his chin thoughtfully, as though weighing the decision. He wasn't long in doing it.

"This man Smith is held for investigation," he summarized. "And I do not find sufficient evidence to justify holding him further, especially since his case rests upon the testimony of only one officer."

The chief interrupted at that instant.

"This man was caught trying to break into a store," he said quickly. "He should be held until his record can be investigated. That's the only way we have of holding suspected men." Across the desk his eyes met those of the judge, but neither wavered. Then Judge Stanley, with a satisfied smile, said: "Prisoner discharged," and called the next case.

There were women in the courtroom, so the chief choked back an exclamation until he was outside the room. Gray caught him at the door of his office, and for some reason seemed greatly pleased.

"What do you think of it, Chief?" he asked.

"It's an outrage; the worst decision I've ever seen in any court. No wonder such men as Griggs get away from us." He would have said more, but Smith, the late prisoner, walked up and said:

"I have some bond money coming to me, Chief, and I'd like to talk to you for a moment." He favored Gray with a smile as the chief stepped toward the desk sergeant's office to get the money. When he came back Gray had gone. He gave Smith his money, then asked: "What was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

Smith appeared to hesitate; then, lowering his voice, asked:

"How are things in this town for a good live chap with plenty of dough, Chief? One who never expects anything for nothing."

The chief's head came up with a jerk.

"Put your cards on the table. Just what do you mean?"

"I can't exactly table my cards, because I'm merely asking for a friend. He's been operating a little game in another town and doing pretty well, but they've elected a reform candidate as commissioner of police there. That breaks up the little arrangement he had with the chief, so he's considering a change."

The chief had bitten so hard on his cigar that the wrapper came loose, but he opened the door as he threw it away. And he left it that way as he faced Smith.

"Here's the quickest way out," he snapped, "and there's nothing in your way. Tell your friend we haven't any reform commissioner here, but we have got a police department that's on the square. And you'd better hurry about it, because I'm going to instruct my men to throw you in jail every time they find you on the streets."

Smith left without hesitation or further speech, and the chief, still angry, went to his office to think the matter over. But he had little opportunity to do so. A moment later the sergeant was at the door asking: "Where's Gray?"

"He's gone home, I suppose. Why?"

"This Henderson he pinched night before last is on the rampage again, paradin' round that hotel with a gun. I'm sendin' the wagon after him, and I wanted Gray to go along, because he knows him."

"I'll go with them myself," the chief stated. And he did.

The sergeant had not exaggerated the case. Henderson was on the rampage, and it was an hour before he was safe behind the bars. When the job was completed the chief returned to his office, just in time to answer a telephone call.

"Chief Bailey?" the other voice asked.

"Yes."

"This is the foreman of the grand jury. You are hereby notified to appear before the grand jury, in Judge Rumley's division of the district court, at four o'clock this afternoon. You will please notify Officers Gray and Conway to appear with you at the same time."

The receiver at the other end of the wire clicked upon its hook, but it is doubtful that the chief would have answered anyway. He was fifty years of age, with twenty-eight years of police service to his credit, but he looked ten years older as he pushed the telephone aside and sat thinking.

So this was to be the end? he thought. His resignation asked by the grand jury when he lacked only two years of the pension limit. He had learned enough of politics to comprehend the clever but powerful ways by which men were ejected from office, but he had felt no real fear of the jury's investigations. He had always played the game squarely and he thought that fact alone would be sufficient to make his position safe.

The remembrance that Gray and Conway must also appear with him brought a sudden resolution to at least fight for them, and it likewise aroused him to action. Both officers were night patrolmen, and therefore sleeping now, but he drove to their homes and left word for them to appear at the court-house.

He said nothing of his problem to his family at lunch, though his unusual silence must have warned them that something out of the ordinary had taken place. For some reason he felt strangely tired, and after telephoning the sergeant of his intentions he went to his room to rest before facing the jury.

He slept longer than he intended, however, and found Gray and Conway already in the courtroom when he arrived. A short distance from them sat Judge Stanley.

When the jury came in a few minutes later the chief instantly gave his attention to a firm-faced, smooth-shaven young chap, who led them as foreman. Something about the man's appearance struck the chief as familiar, but before he could voice a question Gray leaned over and whispered: "That's Allen."

Allen had a reputation for action. And he deserved it.

Scarcely had the jury taken their seats until he arose and, stepping slightly to one side, faced both his colleagues and the four men waiting in the room. Glancing toward the chief, he smiled pleasantly. The chief saw Conway nervously wipe his brow, and unconsciously he reached for his own handkerchief. Then Allen was speaking.

"Ordinarily it has always been the custom for a grand jury to make no statement until after it has reported," he began, his voice firm

and even, "but the jury has decided to simply request the resignation of one of you gentlemen rather than include that in our report, so we sent for you."

He paused, and the chief was conscious of the suspense. Then Allen went on:

"To go back to the start of things, the jury received a complaint against three members of the police department of such a serious nature that, as chairman of the investigating committee, I decided that it might be worth my time to thoroughly investigate the matter."

He paused again, which brought back the chief's suspense. Why couldn't the man get it over with? he thought.

The complaint had accused both the chief and his officers of graft," Allen was saying now, "so I first decided to look into that. In a tentative way the chief and both officers present were given the opportunity to accept a bribe, but none of them did so."

Like a flash recognition of Allen came to the chief. He wore no mustache now, and the shabby clothes and dirt had disappeared.

"I found no fault with the police department," the foreman continued, "but during my investigations I made another discovery. And in following it up we looked into the Parkins case, the case of Griggs, another of a man named Henderson, who, I just learned, is back in jail to-day, and another of a man by the name of Smith, who was caught trying to break into a store, but was discharged when arraigned in police court.

"The only trouble I found, gentlemen, was that justice was not and is not being administered by a man who has sworn to administer it; a man who, through a personal grudge against the three officers present, has been making every effort to discredit their work, even to the point of sending a written complaint against them to the grand jury. Gentlemen, that man is Judge Stanley, and it is now the duty of the grand jury to demand his resignation."

"It is the privilege of a magistrate to render a decision as he sees it," Judge Stanley exclaimed, rising angrily.

"Unfortunately it is," Allen returned. "That's why the jury will take no action other than to demand your resignation, which, if tendered, will make it unnecessary to include this affair in our report. It is merely a question of judgment, but the public is entitled to better judgment than you have shown."

That was all that Allen had to say publicly, but he walked over to the officers and held out his hand and said: "If you'll give me a chance to remain in town, Chief, I'll promise to never again try to bribe you or your men."

"Say!" A new thought had come to the chief. "Gray said something about that being a test case."

"It was," Allen laughed. "We framed it up together after Gray came straight to me in your defense, when he thought you might be asked to resign. I knew that if Judge Stanley would show prejudice in his court decisions he had also sent in that complaint from the same motive, so the case was really to test him."

"And to think I suspected you of making this fight to gain a political reputation," the chief exclaimed.

"Perhaps I did," Allen replied, smiling. "If I get the nomination I hope I haven't lost your support." But the chief's handshake answered that question.

MICHIGAN MAN'S BEARD NINE FEET LONG

THE long-whiskered championship of the world is claimed by John J. Tanner, 84, for more than half a century a resident of Brighton, Mich.

His beard measures exactly nine feet from chin to tip. Ordinarily Mr. Tanner controls it by thrusting the end inside the band of his trousers.

More than fifty years ago, when Mr. Tanner's beard was only two or three feet in length, he decided to seek the championship. To this end he braided his beard and tucked it inside his vest. The whiskers soon attained proportions making the braiding impracticable.

Ten years ago Mr. Tanner's beard was six feet long. Five years ago two feet more had been added and now it measures nine. The owner hopes to attain a growth of twelve feet.

The Trunk From Up-State

By KATHERINE STAGG

CHAPTER ONE

DETECTIVE JOHNNY LEWIS closed his desk with a bang, grabbed his hat from the closet, lit a cigarette, and called a cheery good-night as he went out.

It was Saturday night, there was no important cases on, and he was in a tremendous hurry to get uptown to his new home.

One might have thought it was a case of a waiting bride, judging by his eager face and dancing eye, but brides were far in the future in Johnny's mind, for he was still in his early twenties, and with his boyish look and big candid blue eyes—no one would have taken him for a keen and ruthless sleuth when he once got hot on the trail of crime. Johnny was no shirker, and would go obediently where duty called.

Just now, however, it was a different story, for it was a real home he was headed for—a home to be presided over by his dear old mother. She had at last given up her farm in the country on the death of Johnny's uncle, and had only arrived that day in the late afternoon.

He had taken a brand-new flat up on 168th street and had fitted it up to the best of his ability and means, supplemented by some of the furniture that had been sent from their old country home.

Johnny had a real affection for his mother, and was happy in the thought of what a contrast she would make of his house to the artificial life and garish surroundings of most of the places that he knew best in the pursuit of his business. Being a young and rapidly advancing detective had its glamor, but cooking with the real old-fashioned flavor and some one to watch over his socks and buttons promised a new kind of happiness.

He had not been able to go to the station, but a phone message had assured him that his mother had gotten to the correct place according to directions, and he whistled merrily as he flew to the subway to join her.

Opening his own door with his own latch-key gave him an altogether pleasant little thrill, and he called out lustily:

"Hey, old sweetheart, here I am; welcome to our city!"

"Oh, my son, my son, are you here at last?"

"Sure I'm here, and tickled pink to see you. But what's the matter? You don't look—— Why, mother, don't faint the first night here, or I'll think I was a brute not to meet you in spite of the chief needing me. See here! Sit down and let me get you a drink of water. You're as white as a sheet. Are you ill, mother? What is it?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm tired; you must remember that it is a long journey for an old woman not used to traveling; I'll be all right by morning. I am so happy to be with you."

"What! Calling yourself an old woman? Don't you know there ain't no sich critter any more? In three months you'll be having a marcel wave, and wearing short skirts, and smoking cigarettes maybe. There, there! Don't let the tears come, for pity's sake. I was only joking. Mother, you suit me exactly as you are, and you'd suit me if you want to put on some new dewdads. See? You suit me just any old way for the best reason in the world, 'cause I love you a billion, billion gallons, and then some. Now, let's get busy and invent supper out of what we can find in our new icebox."

Johnny was like a kid. He had put in a great stock of eatables and was anxious to see his mother's pleasure at the new and wonderful contrivances of a city flat to make work easy.

Mrs. Lewis was a tall, slender woman in

the fifties with a fine pair of gray eyes that had a strange, frightened look in their depths. But her face was lined deeply with a stern expression that was in marked contrast to Johnny's open look.

"By the way, mother, have your trunks come? We could wait to unpack the clothes to-morrow, but you know you promised to bring down some jars of your own quince preserves, and I've been dreaming of it for weeks."

"Yes, the trunks are here in the living-room." Her voice sounded tired, but Johnny did not notice as he flew here and there about the cozy rooms.

"Ho-ho! Here they are, three of them. I declare, quite like a fashionable lady. Which one's got the quinces inside, mother?"

"Here are the keys; you can open them all. It will not take long for me to unpack, and we can get them out of the way. They take up too much space in these small rooms."

"Small rooms, eh? You ought to see some of the coops other people call rooms. Why, these are positively immense compared to some I've lived in. This lock seems rusty."

"Yes, that trunk belonged to your grandfather, and no one has used it this many a year."

"It sure is a sulky old brute of a trunk, but I'm pretty strong, and I'll bust the lock or bust myself." He was tugging in a very determined manner that was thoroughly characteristic.

"Well, here is your quince jam. Suppose we leave the trunk until to-morrow morning, and you might get some one to help you; Sarah Rogers locked it for me, and I didn't hear her say it was specially rusty. It's only got my old pictures and keepsakes in it, anyhow, and it can wait."

But just then the trunk lid flew open so suddenly that Johnny almost fell over.

His physical reaction was forgotten in a second, for there came a fearful scream from his mother. It is not to Johnny's discredit that he almost screamed himself, for the trunk contained the huddled body of a woman, fully clothed, packed in tightly in the rolls of garments. The face was staring up at the beholder in the most uncanny fashion.

Even a seasoned detective could not have struck a more harrowing mystery than to find this ghastly object in the trunk of his own mother.

CHAPTER TWO

HOME became instantly the satire of a dream, for Johnny was confronted by the hardest problem that could possibly be shoved on a victim of circumstances.

But the trained detective mind learns to rise above the personal side of a case, and he remembered automatically the only words that his mother had uttered which could conceivably have any bearing on this mystery of mysteries.

Holding on to the lid of the trunk, he turned to the white and trembling woman standing rigid in the middle of the room and asked:

"Did you say that some one named Sarah Rogers closed and locked this trunk? Think carefully, mother, before you give your answer. Think back along all the circumstances, and tell me all you can remember about this strange affair, for truly I am in a bigger quandary than you can possibly imagine. We Lewises have always had pretty strong nerves in a tight place, and now you must keep up your courage. You seemed nervous and frightened when I first came in, but I thought it was only the journey. Now tell me, did you or did you not have any suspicion about this trunk?"

It hurt Johnny horribly to ask this cruel question, but he felt that the answer would clear the way for his next action, and it was no time to spare his own feelings.

His mother swayed on her feet, but clutched the nearest door. She looked about as if for some support to her failing strength and startled wits; then pulling herself together, she answered in a harsh voice:

"Sarah Rogers is capable of any crime or any wickedness."

Johnny glanced at her keenly. Whether she realized it or not, she had given him a masterly answer that neither connected her with the awful discovery nor yet disclaimed its possibility.

"If you feel that way about this woman, why did you have her to help you?"

"She was my next-door neighbor. You don't understand, son, when there is death in the house in the country neighbors come and go as if they were part of your family."

"Yes, I remember her now, a sour-faced old crow of whom I was mortally afraid as a child. And now, mother"—Detective Johnny Lewis almost lost his self-control, but, gritting his teeth, brought out his next question—"and do you know this body in the trunk?"

"As God is above, I do not, my son!" This answer was given quickly and with no reserve whatever.

Johnny breathed a sigh of relief, for his mother's manner had been so odd that he had been besieged by all sorts of wild and terrible guesses.

"Are you perfectly certain the trunk is yours? Could it have gotten mixed up some way and exchanged for your own trunk?"

"No, son, that is my trunk, the one that once belonged to your grandfather."

Her tone of conviction and the very old-fashioned style of the trunk itself left no room for doubt, so that loophole of explanation had to be abandoned.

"Damn it! Pardon me, mother, I've got to smoke while I try to figure out this devilish thing."

Suiting the action to the word, he lit a cigarette, drew on it deeply, while his mother continued to gaze at him with all the stupefied horror of a middle-aged woman unused to anything but the humdrum of life.

"Johnny, are you going to touch it? I mean so as you can see if she was done to death or just died?"

The questions were awkwardly put, as was natural, but the young man felt a thrill of terrible anxiety under them.

Johnny walked up and down the floor several times as best he could among the trunks before he replied:

"No, I don't think I shall touch it! Mother, you can positively swear that this is your trunk?"

"My son, your father's picture is stuck in close to the back with the silk scarf that I wrapped it in. If you want to pull that out, you can see for yourself."

"No, I will take your word for it, and I am not going to touch anything in the trunk. Other hands than mine must be the first to make the examination. If you were not concerned I should call up headquarters and leave all the responsibility to them."

"Not the police, Johnny!" Her voice rose in alarm.

"Of course I could take it upon myself to let the metropolitan police out of this and simply carry that grisly thing back to Dutchess County and pass the buck to them."

With this cryptic remark he jammed the lid shut and gave it a vicious bang, wishing to heaven he could shut out the fact as easily as the sight.

CHAPTER THREE

TWO hours later Detective Johnny Lewis was speeding along the Post Road with a rusty-looking old-fashioned trunk in the tonneau of his favorite little red car. He did not own the car, but had driven it so often that there was not a secret of its nervous system unknown to him. At Mike's garage they used to tease him and say that the car would come out of its own accord if he only whistled.

Being a wise youth in his generation, and knowing that he had a difficult night ride before him, he had stoked both the car with its necessities and himself with good hot food and drink. He had made his mother as comfortable as possible, feeling like a dog at leaving her just when she had gone through such a violent shock, but until he knew more of this puzzling matter he did not feel safe in calling in any assistance whatever.

His mother had been dreadfully frightened at the idea of his making the long ride alone, and especially with that dreadful thing in the trunk. But Johnny overcame her fears, knowing it was the only thing to do in accordance with his plan of not letting the matter be known at this end of the territory.

Well armed and with the night air blowing softly in his face, he might have enjoyed the feel of the road slipping away under him if it had not been for the deadly importance of the result of this strange expedition.

Mile after mile sped by. The moon began to come up, slowly emerging over the wooded

hills, slanting her silver fingers in long, horizontal rays as she climbed the lower quarter of the heavens. In many places it was still very dark under the trees, even when their tops shone with the delicate radiance like silvery bouquets atop the gloomy pines.

Just then the cry of a whippoorwill broke all that calm, so close by that it startled Johnny; startled him so decidedly that he instantly brought the little car to a silent stop. He had just slowed down fortunately to get a smoke started, but he crushed the fire of the match and waited breathless. For that cry of the night bird had been just a bit too raucous, for to Detective Lewis's quick ears it sounded suspicious, and he was in no mind to have company at this particular moment.

All was silent for a while save the sound of frogs along the bank of the brawling brook, and Johnny began to wonder if he had been mistaken in thinking that other night sound was counterfeit. His own nerves were naturally strung up to the highest pitch, for he was more than a little worried about the outcome of this night's work.

He could not conceal from himself that his poor old mother had kept something back from him. He had watched and questioned too many guilty persons in his career of crime spotter not to know and recognize the constraint of a person trying to dally with half the truth. An out-and-out liar is easier to handle than one who thus gives only part of their confidence and leaves one to guess the rest. What possible connection could his mother have with this mystery? He asked himself that question for the twentieth time, but his mind, keen as it was, could not see an inch down this blind alley.

Starting the car again, he purred along softly as a cat, eyes watching every shadow and ears strained to hear any sound that might mean other travelers on a night ride.

Just as he neared a place where three roads came to a fork a large gray car lurched around a curve, a confused sound of voices was heard in what sounded like suppressed protest, and then a woman's scream rang out!

A dozen yards ahead he saw a struggling figure half hanging on the running board, while another figure kept hold of its shoulders from inside the car.

It might be three or four to one, but Johnny never could be deaf to a woman's call for help, so he came to a stop almost alongside the other car. He leaped for the girl, tearing her free with one lunge of his arm, while he made a hasty dive for his automatic. But in the few seconds that it took to get his balance with the extra weight of the girl, who sagged against him, he felt the cold steel of a gun pressed to his temple before he could handle his own where it would do the most good.

"Hands up, young fellow! That'll do, Mame. Slick work. Climb in back, and you, Twister, get in the dub's car and see if he has the trunk. Then drive it to the haunted house in the swamp near the Rogers place."

The words were spoken in a quick tone of command and in a voice that sounded a measure more cultivated than might be expected from the lingo used. The girl giggled as if pleased at her part of the affair, and coolly seated herself.

Johnny was too well trained to try and argue with a gun that near, so he, too, obediently seated himself and wondered if he was further or nearer to fathoming who it was in the trunk and if this was the trunk they thought it was.

The man who had spoken and who evidently was in command sat in front and drove. He was a big powerful fellow and, as he had been turned toward the back, Johnny had caught the scintillant gleam of his eyes. They fairly seemed to emit sparks, they were so luminous in the dusk.

Detective Lewis made a mental note of the big fellow's eyes, for he felt sure he could never forget that wild animal phosphorescent light in them.

He was between the girl and the smaller chap who held the gun, while the fellow who had been called "Twister" had jumped into Johnny's red car and was cranking it up, for she was an old car without a self-starter. Presently he heard the sound of the engine, and realized that his car was being turned in the narrow road, and was evidently going to be driven back in the direction that he had come from.

"Say, bo," said Johnny, "put down that little popgun, will you? I'll be good, and this road is kind of rocky to be handlin' that toy in a reckless way. Honest, I won't move till

you say so." Johnny drawled the words with a chuckle, for, in spite of what was a most dangerous situation, some sixth sense told him that it wasn't coming out just the way the big man had planned. It must be swag they were after, and not the body of some poor old woman.

"How about it, Major," said the lean fellow at his side.

The big man turned for a second and glanced back.

"Oh, you can manage him easy enough. Yeh, put it down, but keep it handy. The dub is right; it's a devil of a road along here, and we don't want any unnecessary trouble."

"Thanks; I'll remember that little favor some time when we may meet in other scenes," said Johnny.

"Well, don't get fresh, young fellow, or it will be the worse for you."

"Right-o, Major; I'm as meek as a lamb," answered Johnny.

"And as frisky, too, it strikes me," put in the girl.

"No, not exactly that," grinned Johnny, "but you see it was sort of lonesome riding by myself, and this is more or less of a pleasant change." He eyed her sidewise to see how she would take the random remark.

"Say, Twister, I thought you said there might be two of them in the red car," she whispered across Johnny's back.

"So I did," he whispered back; then to Johnny: "Say, where is yer partner? You couldn't lift that trunk by yourself, could ye?"

"Easily," Johny lied, watching the other's face as best he could in the flickering light; then he thought: "They mistook me for some one else."

"Hully gee! You must have a whale of a muscle for yer size."

"I have!" replied Johnny quietly.

They had gone a mile or two while this little conversation took place, when once more the sound of the cry of a whippoorwill echoed from the hillside. The man they called Major slowed down his car, cocking his head as if startled by the sound, and from the shadows just behind them another red car sprang like a phantom and flew by. It was truly phantom-like and vanished into the night, but not before Johnny had caught the outline of a trunk in the tonneau of the car.

A thrill went through all four occupants of their car, the Major stepped on the gas with such lightning quickness that the three in the back were thrown together by the violence, and Johnny registered a spasmodic vote of thanks to all the small gods of fortune that the popgun had not been at his temple at that moment.

Then he said under his breath:

"Some driver, I'll tell the world!"

It was clear to him now that the crooks had made a mistake and got him and his trunk instead of another for which they had been on the lookout.

CHAPTER FOUR

IT was five o'clock of a fine summer morning, and the sun was climbing the Eastern sky, so that its rays began to shine warm on the face of a young man apparently asleep under a hedge. He stirred restlessly and yawned a couple of times, then shook himself much like a drowsy dog. A boy bringing the cows to pasture saw him and, noticing his excellent clothes, stood and stared, then began to grin.

"Say, mister, where didja get it? They bin after the hooch hounds round here, but yer surely got a good load someres, eh?"

Detective Johnny Lewis felt his head gingerly, then returned the boy's grin.

"Case of blackjack, boy," he answered. "No such luck as to get any hooch."

"You wasn't mixed up in the robbery last night, was yer?" asked the boy.

"I don't rightly know just what I was mixed up in, but I do know I got as sore a head as I ever want to enjoy. Say, you couldn't get me some good cold water, could you?"

"Easy; be back in a jiff." The boy was excited by the idea that he might be helping a thief, but too slow of wit to think yet of the possibility of capturing him.

He was back soon with a dipper of fine spring water, and Johnny bathed his aching head, then drank slowly.

"Thanks, kid; now I feel something like, and I reckon I can't waste any more time being

sick an' dizzy, for it looks like I am going to have a busy day. First off, to ease your mind, I'm not a thief, but a detective on the track of some thieves that are sure star performers in their line. I believe you can do quite a lot to help me in this case, which will not go unrewarded. But not one word to a soul until I tell you it's time to speak."

Johnny knew boy psychology, and he knew that the idea of the youngster meeting a real live detective would make the whole summer glow, so he laid down his cards, so to speak. He took the lad into his confidence, and Johnny's chief asset being his own absolute honesty, the boy never dreamed of doubting his word.

Pushing his old straw hat to the back of his head, he stood at attention.

"Now, let's see," went on Johnny; "like the lady who faints, my first question must be, Where am I? Wait. Near Linden, if my last memory is right."

"Yes, sir, 'bout two miles."

"Good; now tell me in as few words as possible about the robbery last night."

"Why, sir, it wuz up to Major Pendleton's place. They got away with a hull lot of bonds and some jools. They think the chuffer took them, fer he's gone, an' one o' the cars. The Major just got home from Noo York on the morning train, an' he is all-fired mad, 'cause the bonds weren't hisn, but wuz the property of his company. He wuz to take 'em to Boston to-day, an' the reason I know so much erbout it I drive his cows fer him, an' he had Bill Peters, the constable, up there already, an' I heard all they said."

"Fine, son, fine. *Major Pendleton,* eh?"

"Yes, sir, a big, fine-looking man with fiery black eyes."

"Uh! I'll say they are! Now, do you know a place where there's an old tumble-down, haunted house quite a piece off the main road, near the Rogers place?"

"Yes, sir, but no one ever goes there; a hull family got burnt there once, and folks say it's haunted."

"Yep; it is, maybe, once in a while."

"But I ain't afraid of ennything like that."

"Course not; I think we'll take a walk there some time to-day. Do you know an elderly woman named Sarah Rogers, who lives on a farm near here?"

"Yep; known her all my life; she's mighty nigh bein' a witch herself. Folks say she's crazy."

"Right again; I think we will go and see her in about an hour if you can scare up some breakfast for me first. If I can see this Sarah Rogers and get that part of my troubles out of my system, I may have a better idea how to handle the Major's little robbery."

"Come on, breakfast will be 'bout ready at our house now."

"Lead me to it."

A short time later Detective Lewis and the farm boy went up a long lane and entered the back door of a brown farmhouse. They dispensed with the formality of knocking, and thereby got Sarah Rogers without warning in the homely task of washing her breakfast dishes.

Her looks did not belie the impression that these sinister events had made on Johnny's mind—a female soured by both time and circumstance, and no meaner specimen of humanity lives.

Johnny felt his gorge rise, and he seemed to grow a foot taller on the spot. Pointing a finger at her, he cried sternly:

"You, Sarah Rogers, come here! I'm Johnny Lewis, the son of your lifetime neighbor, and I'm here to learn what you meant by sending a trunk to my mother with a dead body in it. This means murder. No cock-and-bull story, now. You tell the truth, and tell it quick, or you'll be in the lockup inside of an hour!"

Johnny's manner was menacing.

For reply the gaunt woman coolly looked him up and down, and then to his astonishment burst into a wild fit of laughter—weird laughter to be sure—and he at once changed his mind, believing that it was a lunatic he had to deal with.

"Well?" roared Johnny.

"Where is it?" queried the woman coolly, still laughing.

"Why do you want to know that?" asked Johnny.

"Later on I'll tell you the whole story."

"You'll tell it now!"

"My land! What a smarty! You don't know me, you young squirt. No one ever

made me say nothin' I didn't want to say. Did yer ma see the body? Did she look at it good?"

"You old devil! Yes, she saw it, and so did I. Here, boy, you get to the nearest phone and call the constable to come here at once."

"But where's the trunk? The constable knows me, and he won't believe nothin' without seeing the evidence. Ain't that what you call it?" And once more the hag broke into uncanny laughter.

Johnny thought a moment; suppose he brought her face to face with the body? Then it would mean a quick finish to the affair.

He found there was a phone in the house, and the woman made no objection to his using it, so he called the nearest town, got in touch with the police force, and requested that they send two or three men to the house in the swamp. It had occurred to him that his kidnappers of the night before might get there ahead of him, and it would be well to be prepared.

Then commandeering a flivver he found in the barn, they set out, the boy showing the way, and he took Sarah Rogers with him.

Johnny had a hazy idea of what had happened to him the night before when he had been blackjacked and thrown out of the car.

When the boy said they were near the spot they got out of the flivver and walked cautiously toward the old ruin. All the time it seemed strange to Johnny that the woman did not raise any objections, only howling in her insane glee from time to time.

Sure enough, Major Pendleton and the fellow called Twister were before them. They had evidently considered the well too risky, and were going to bury their loot until the search had ceased, for *"two trunks"* stood on the marshy ground.

Johnny felt a shiver go through him. He thought he heard a car coming rapidly up the old road, so he covered the men with his automatic, at the same moment pulling a police whistle from his pocket with his left hand, and blew a blast.

Three burly men came running up the road. The Major and the Twister hadn't a chance, and it took but a few minutes to round them up and to learn the story of how the Major had stolen the bonds of his own company, gave the alarm, and had intended to decamp with them as soon as the first excitement of the robbery had cooled down. One of his pals had stolen the trunk, however, and the Major had been laying for him when he caught Johnny by mistake. Johnny asked the officer to open the second trunk, holding grimly on the arm of the woman, Sarah Rogers.

A kick and a wrench and it was open. The woman gave a yell of insane laughter as the big man pulled a bunch of garments from the trunk.

"What the deuce? This ain't a body; it's nothing but a wax figger dressed up," cried the constable.

Sarah Rogers yelled again:

"Ah ya! ah ya! Your mother stuck up her nose at me. Thought I was the dirt under her feet, and I thunk and thunk till I conjured this plan so as for once I could have the laugh on her. Ah ya! Smarty!" cried Sarah.

Johnny did feel like thirty cents, of course. If his mother had not been so vitally concerned he would have examined the thing, and this could not have happened.

But he had cleaned up the Pendleton mystery just the same, so he felt consoled for the other lucky fiasco.

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by Chas. F. Oursler.
13. "Under a Mask," by Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by Chas. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by Redfield Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline C. Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29. "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector J. Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by C. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign on the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
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50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
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97 "The Last Star of the Films," by Jack Bechdolt.
98 "Counterfeit Clues," by Chas. F. Oursler.
99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "A Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Gottlieb Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.
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105 "A Man from Siam," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by Bulah Poynter.
107 "Hell's Hinges," by Hamilton Cragie.
108 "The Wolf," by Katherine Stagg.
109 "The Brass Button," by Jack Bechdolt.
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111 "Trapping the Jewel Smugglers," by Beulah Poynter.
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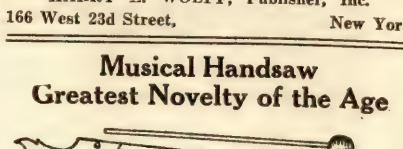

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CHINESE DENTISTS PULL TEETH WITH FINGERS

Although the Chinese boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in China, it is still true that for operations in dentistry we would hardly care to go to a Chinese.

The work of old-time Chinese dentists is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board, and this training changes the aspect of the hand and gives him a finger grip that is equivalent to a lifting power of three or four hundred pounds.

For toothache he employs opium, peppermint Sometimes he fills and clove oil. Sometimes he fills teeth, but he does it so poorly that the fillings fall out after a few months.

There is an element of superstition in his work, for he asserts that all dental troubles are brought on by tooth worms, and he always shows the nerve pulp to the patient as such a worm. For humbugging purposes also the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble.

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MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours,* and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

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- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEM'T
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
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- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Private Secretary
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- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
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- ☐ Certified Public Accountant
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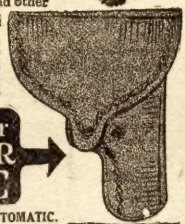

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Rheumatism Left Him As If By Magic!

Had Suffered Over 50 Years!

Now 83 Years, Yet a Big Surprise to Friends

Regains Strength Goes out Fishing, Back to Business, Laughs at "URIC ACID"

How the "Inner Mysteries" Reveals Startling Facts Overlooked By Doctors and Scientists For Centuries

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live.

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of the "Mystery Magazine" wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. F. Clearwater, No. 1324-A Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

WOMEN PRINTERS WHO WIN HIGH POSTS IN GOVERNMENT SHOP

Public Printer George H. Carter announced recently the appointment of three women in prominent positions in the Government Printing Office.

The appointments include Miss Josephine G. Adams of the District of Columbia as Assistant Superintendent of Documents at a salary of 52,500 a year; Miss Martha Feehan of New York, assistant foreman of the day proof section, $2,300 a year, and Miss Mary T. Spalding of Maryland, assistant foreman in charge of the machine sewing section of the bindery, at a salary of 80 cents per hour.

This is the first time in the history of the Government Printing Office that women have been promoted to such responsible positions.

Mr. Carter stated that all of the women thus advanced by him had merited their promotion by long and faithful service and were deemed especially fitted for the new positions to which they have been assigned.

These appointments, he added, are in line with his policy to give suitable recognition to women employees of the Government Printing Office, who number more than 1,000.

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